

(Continued.)

"Oh know those who will rejoice." Ratigan now took the lead, having passed over the route before several times and being familiar with the best way to get between the vedettes. Colonel Maynard dropped back beside the prisoner.

"Who are you?" she asked. "One who serves you."

The voice sounded familiar, but was disguised, and she did not recognize it as Colonel Maynard's.

"Were you sent by Colonel Maynard?"

"No."

"Why should you try to save me?"

"Ask me rather why I should not."

It was plain the man, whoever he might be, desired to remain unknown, and she desisted from further questioning.

"After all, my death would not profit the Federal cause," she said. "My life will be sealed to any information I may possess."

"Your information would be too late in any event. Had it been otherwise this plan would not have been attempted."

"Why so?"

"Your commander in chief of the Army of Tennessee has delayed too long already. He will attack us almost immediately. Your information would not now hasten that attack."

"How do you know?"

"We have captured prisoners showing that your men have been re-enforced from Knoxville and Virginia. General Bragg has ceased to retreat and is about to fall upon us with a concentrated army."

"You are right in assuming that neither you nor I can have influence for or against either side now. These troops have been coming from Virginia for a month. They are nearly all arrived. You may expect to hear the opening shot of a great battle at any moment."

The corporal, who was in front, reined in his horse and held up his hand in warning. They were on the edge of a wood and within a few hundred yards of the creek and could see to the right and to the left.

"My God!" exclaimed the corporal, "there are vedettes there, and vedettes there," pointing north and south. "And they are both coming this way. We must go back."

Colonel Maynard rode forward to see. He glanced at both parties of vedettes, then in front of him. From that front at that moment there came a horse's neigh. It was answered by a neigh from behind the three on the edge of the wood.

"Your people are where that horse neighed. Can you keep your seat in the saddle for a dash?"

"Yes."

"We are surrounded. It is the only chance. Are you prepared? Ready? Go!"

The two men dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and all three shot out toward the creek. They had not gone a hundred yards before they heard, "Bait there!" immediately followed by a shot. They paid no attention to either, but dashed on over the uneven ground, the two men riding close on either side the prisoner for fear she would lose her balance. Her horse stumbled, but recovered. A volley came from the vedettes riding from the south, but no one was hit. In crossing a gully Miss Fitz Hugh tottered sideways, but Maynard caught her and righted her.

"On, on!" he said. "A few hundred yards, and you are saved."

Then came another volley, this time from the party advancing from the north. Corporal Ratigan swayed in his saddle, but recovered himself.

"They are advancing to meet us! Quick! Down the bank! Through here! It is not knee deep!"

A third volley came, but it did no harm. It was too late to stop the fugitives now. They rode right into a party of Confederate officers.

Friends gathered about Miss Fitz Hugh. Her brother, being in presence of others, restrained his desire to throw his arms about her neck. He lifted his hat to her as politely as if she were a nearly related to the kist—as to himself, then took her hand and kissed it. Suddenly, in the midst of a shower of congratulations—a wild, irresistible cheer that burst spontaneously from the party—Caroline Fitz Hugh gave a shriek. Corporal Ratigan had fallen from his horse and lay white and bleeding on the ground, springing from her own horse, she bent over him and raised his head.

"O God, he's dead!"

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued.)

The cheer, the shriek, Miss Fitz Hugh's words sounded in Colonel Maynard's ears as he dug his spurs into his horse and dashed away up the stream in a direction parallel with the Union lines. The cheer was the announcement of the completion of an act by which he had parted with what he held most dear—the confidence of his superiors, his peers and the rank and file of the army. He had given to Caroline Fitz Hugh to see the rising of the sun whose light was now broadening in the east. He had called down upon himself what to him was the bitterest of all degradation, perhaps the bitterest fate that had been intended for her. Riding up the creek on the bank nearest the Confederate lines, he approached a wood. This he entered, crossed the creek unobserved and emerged to see the men by whom the escaping party had been chased returning toward the ridge. Not caring to be questioned by them, he rode back into the wood until they were in a position not to see him. Then he trotted slowly to the ridge

and over it, making his way back to his tent.

It was now broad daylight. As he dismounted he noticed a detachment of cavalry marching on foot, under the direction of an officer, toward the house where Miss Fitz Hugh had been confined. On arriving there they halted, and the officer went inside. In a few minutes he came out and strode over to Colonel Maynard's tent. The colonel had gone in. He had thrown off his cavalry jacket and was waiting for what was to follow. The officer entered the tent, and not recognizing Maynard, shorn of his beard, asked for the colonel commanding.

"I am Colonel Maynard."

"Ah! I did not recognize you, colonel. I have just called for the spy in the house where I expected to find her and was told by the sergeant that he had delivered her soon after midnight to two men bearing an order from you."

"Well?"

"I suspect something must be wrong. Was the order a forgery?"

"No."

"Then the prisoner is in your keeping?"

"No."

"Escaped?"

"Yes."

The officer was too astonished to ask any more questions at once.

"Who is responsible?" he asked presently.

"I am."

"You?"

"Yes, I. You will march your men back to camp. You need not make any official report of the matter unless you choose. I will report the escape myself."

The officer bowed, and with the same astonishment on his face that had been there throughout turned from the tent, and going to the men standing in the road marched them back to camp.

Colonel Maynard came out of his tent, and mounting his horse rode to the headquarters of his division commander. He rode slowly, his head bowed almost to his saddlebow. Reining up before the general's tent, he sent in his name by an orderly, and was soon admitted.

"General," he said, "I have come to prefer charges."

"Indeed," said the general. "Why not forward them in writing in the regular way?"

"It is because of the person against whom I am going to prefer them."

"And that is?"

"Myself."

The general looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"Colonel, are you ill?"

"No, general."

"I suppose it would be ridiculous to ask a man if he is all right here?" and he tapped his forehead with his finger.

"I am sound of mind and body."

"Well, well, colonel, what does it all mean? It's too early in the morning for joking," and the general yawned.

"I have to report that the spy left in my charge has escaped and through my connivance."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the general. "That is a serious matter."

Maynard remained silent.

"And the explanation?"

"There is none."

The general looked into the melancholy eye of Colonel Maynard and felt a cold chill creep over him. He knew there was some reason for the act which would explain if not excuse it.

"Colonel, you are a dashing fellow, with a tinge of romance in your nature. I trust you have not yielded to an absurd notion as to taking the life of a woman."

"No, I have not."

"Then give me some explanation. I fear it will go hard with you, but I will do all I can for you if you can give a satisfactory reason."

"Of course I must report the matter. Better speak now. It may be too late hereafter."

"I have reported the fact. That is all the report I have to make."

"Then, colonel, it is my duty to order you to your tent under arrest. You may leave your sword here with me, if you please. An order will be issued placing Colonel —, next in rank, in charge of your brigade."

Colonel Maynard unhooked his sword from his belt and handed it to the general. Then he rode back to his tent, and as he entered it he felt that he had left his former self behind, that as in the case of a fallen comrade, he would never see this being of the past again. As for his present self, that, if suffered to live, could only live a life in death.

A court martial was convened to try Colonel Maynard with as much dispatch as had attended the trial of the escaped woman. The charge was "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," the specification "himself aiding in the escape of a spy in the service of said enemy."

The court met on the afternoon of the day on which Maynard had reported his act. Men of his own grade, or near it, sat about a pine table in a wall tent and proceeded with the formalities attending the case. As Maynard pleaded guilty to both charge and specification there was little to do except to come to a verdict. Before doing so the president asked the accused if he had anything to say in his behalf, any explanation to make.

"No," was his reply.

"Colonel Maynard," said the president, "you have served this army with distinction. You have been respected, trusted, beloved as few other men in it. You have confessed to having committed one of the most atrocious crimes that can come under the jurisdiction of a military court. Nothing can excuse it. There may be something to palliate it. I conjure you to speak before the court brings in a verdict and names your punishment."

"Mr. President," replied Maynard, "for my act toward this army I am accountable to you as a court martial convened to try me; for my act as one of right or wrong, of honor or dishonor, I am accountable only to a tribunal with arms. Thus do those who have been deprived of their greatness go back for sympathy to those from whom they have farthest departed."

Maynard held the boy against his breast while he gave way to convulsive sobs such as are unusual in a man and only come when some mental struggle under an intense grief is relaxed and suffering permitted to get control. Neither spoke. Jakey's presence reminded Maynard the more keenly of those he loved. His mind had been upon his wife and child. Jakey's coming brought also the boy's image and the trials and triumphs which he and Jakey and Souri had once passed together, and trials and triumphs borne in company with

which you have nothing to do. Do not waste valuable time. Before the sun sets twice, if I mistake not, you will have a more important work to do in the reception of the enemy. Do your duty as a court, and do it with dispatch."

There was not an officer present but looked at Maynard with a curious admiration. It was plain that he had sacrificed himself, though it was not entirely plain why. Even those who condemned him most bitterly seemed to hesitate to bring in a verdict which would naturally carry with it the punishment of death.

"You are mistaken, colonel," said one of them, referring to Maynard's predictions. "The enemy have been in full retreat ever since we left Murfreesboro. I only fear he's going to give us the slip again."

"I regret your confidence, sir," replied Maynard. "I am aware that others feel as you do, and it is a mistake which will cost this army dear."

"Nonsense. Haven't we?"

"This is not the place to discuss problems for which only our commanding general is responsible," interrupted the president. "Let the prisoner leave the court."

Maynard was led away, and the court proceeded to consider a verdict. There was little time spent on it, for there was but one thing to do, and that was to make it "guilty of the charge and guilty of the specification." Then began a discussion of the punishment. One of the members stated that it was personally known to him for a fact that the accused had one year before visited Chattanooga as a spy, when the place was held by the Confederates, had been captured, tried, condemned and sentenced to be hanged; that Jacob Slack, a boy who was now serving as his orderly, had been with him; that he had contrived to get news of Maynard's condition to Missouri Slack, his sister, at Jasper, Tenn.; that she had gone to Chattanooga, had entered his jail, had exchanged clothes with the prisoner and thus effected his escape; that he had been concealed and afterward helped through the lines by a Miss Pain, whom he had married on reaching the Union lines.

"I put it to you, gentlemen," he concluded, "could one whose life had been saved by women carry out a sentence of death upon a woman for the same offense for which it was intended he should suffer?"

The speaker knew nothing of the relations existing between Maynard and Fitz Hugh. It is impossible to know what might have been the effect had he possessed this knowledge. The court acted only on the information communicated by the officer who told the story of Maynard's experience as a spy, and the main facts in this were known throughout the army. The circumstances of the accused's sentence by Confederates to be hanged for a spy and his escape, the valuable services he had rendered the Union cause, the reasons he had for not wishing to shoot a woman, saved his life. The sentence of the court was that he be dismissed the service, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments.

When this sentence was communicated to Colonel Maynard, he was in his tent, waiting to know his fate. He had expected to be shot. He hardly knew whether he was more moved by the leniency shown him or more disappointed at being obliged to live a disgraced man. But one reason gave him comfort that he was not to die—his wife. He knew that, although all others looked upon him with horror, she would love him all the more that he suffered.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MILITARY PROBLEM.

The events attending the capture and escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh and the dismissal of Colonel Maynard from the service all happened in such quick succession that Jakey Slack was not aware of what was taking place until after it was all over. It must be confessed that Maynard had not treated his most devoted adherent with the consideration he merited. But it is the way of people who are rising to eminence to gradually leave off familiarity with those formerly most intimate with them.

Maynard had treated Jakey with mock deference, but had not thought of leaning upon him for advice or strength, much less comfort, and during the raging of the fire through which he had passed Jakey Slack had been as far from his mind as if he had not existed.

One evening as "retreat" was sounding—it was the evening of the colonel's deposition from his rank and command—Jakey walked into his tent. Maynard's head was bowed down on his camp cot. Hearing some one enter, he looked up and saw his old friend. Bad Jakey's been another boy, when he saw the haggard look, the strongly marked lines of suffering in the face before him, he would have shown some mark of the effect such a sight had upon him. Not so Jakey. There was no expression of surprise or grief upon his unexpressive countenance. But the sight of Jakey standing there to remind him that, though a whole army condemned him, there was one in it who never could be brought to think him guilty of any crime had a different effect on the late commander. He reached out his hand, took that of Jakey, and, drawing the boy toward him, told him in his arms. Thus do those who have been deprived of their greatness go back for sympathy to those from whom they have farthest departed.

Maynard held the boy against his breast while he gave way to convulsive sobs such as are unusual in a man and only come when some mental struggle under an intense grief is relaxed and suffering permitted to get control. Neither spoke. Jakey's presence reminded Maynard the more keenly of those he loved. His mind had been upon his wife and child. Jakey's coming brought also the boy's image and the trials and triumphs which he and Jakey and Souri had once passed together, and trials and triumphs borne in company with

hearts. Of all who loved him only Jakey was there, and on him alone could he rely for comfort.

At last Jakey withdrew himself from his friend's embrace. He had permitted him to indulge his grief for a few minutes, and this he considered quite long enough.

"General," he began. He had always called his chief "general," contending that he was a general since he commanded a brigade.

"No more of that, Jakey. I am only Maynard now—Mark Maynard. Mark is a good enough name for me."

"Waal, that don't make no differ. You uns got th' same body 'n arms 'n legs 'n all that. Hev y' done th' first thing fo' ter do?"

"What's that, Jakey?"

"Toll Mrs. Maynard."

"Jakey, I can't."

"Reckon she'll hev ter know it some time."

"There's going to be a battle. No court can keep me from shouldering a musket or wielding a saber. I'll go into the fight that's coming and never come out of it. Then she'll not need to know it."

"What makes y' think ther's goin ter be a fight?"

"I would not have the intuitions of a soldier if I did not."

"Y' hain't General Rosey."

"Nor do I need to be General Rosey to divine what's coming. Do you suppose I knew any more about war with eagles on my shoulders than in a private's uniform? If there were some superior being to look into the heads of the men composing this army and read just the rank in accordance with fitness, many a star would leave the shoulder where it now rests to alight on that of some obscure private."

"Waal, ef we fight 'em, won't we whip 'em?"

Jakey noticed that, with the change of his friend's mind from his grief to war, there was an immediate improvement from the terrible depression upon him. He asked the question for the purpose of keeping Maynard's attention fixed for a time on war rather than for information.

"Whip 'em? Why, Jakey, we're scattered all over creation." He dipped his finger in a tin cup full of water and began to draw a rude map on the top of an extemporized table, consisting of a square board nailed on a stake driven in the ground.

"Here's the Chickamauga flowing between these two ridges, Missionary and the Pigeon mountains, from south to north into the Tennessee. Crittenden's corps is here at Lee and Gordon's mill. Thomas' corps has just passed through Stevens' gap down here, ten or a dozen miles from Crittenden, while McCook is at Alpine, 20 miles away from Thomas. We are off here near Reed's bridge, the tip of the left wing, 40 miles from McCook, the tip of the right wing."

"Bragg is here at Lafayette, on the east side of the Pigeon mountains, and opposite our center at Crawfish Springs, where he can strike any one of our corps separately. He can ride up on to the Pigeon mountains, and, looking down on the valley of the Chickamauga, see just where we are located. I was up there myself the other day with a reconnoitering party and came upon one of his scouts, looking at us very much as one would survey a barnyard of fat turkeys before Christmas."

He paused and seemed lost in some attendant problem. Presently he added absently:

"All I'd be afraid of would be delay."

"What d'y' mean by that?" asked Jakey.

Maynard started. "I was thinking that I was on the other side," he said.

"You see, Jakey, in a military point of view the beauty of the situation is all with the Confederates."

"How?"

"They can cut us up in detail."

"What d'y' do y' wor him uns?"

"I'd drive a wedge right in here between Thomas' and Crittenden's corps. I'd destroy first one and then the other. After that I'd eat my rations and have plenty of time to take care of McCook's, which is too far away even to hear the guns."

"That'd be bunky," said Jakey, pretending to catch his friend's enthusiasm. "Pity 'twasn't to other way 'n we had 'em as they got we uns. Mebbe ef y' uns wor in command of our army y' mought do some'n fo' ter change th' situation."

"Yes, what'd y' do?"

"That's a poser, Jakey."

Maynard studied his improvised map for awhile without speaking, as if it were a chessboard. At last he said:

"General Rosecrans, I learn, has ordered his scattered columns concentrated at Crawfish Springs, the center of his line. Perhaps this is as good a plan as any, at least if Bragg gives him time enough to close up. To me two plans seem to be open. One is to demonstrate along the Chickamauga, principally with cavalry, while—"

"What's demonstrate?" interrupted the listener.

"Make a feint, a fuss; pretend to have a big force and only have a little one. I would leave the campfires burning at night, to make them think I was still there, and draw my army away to Mission ridge. Moving backward on converging lines—"

"What's them?"

"Lines coming to a focus—"

"What's a focus?"

"Confound it, Jakey, we'll be attacked and whipped before I can make you understand. These roads you see come together at Chattanooga. From Chattanooga, if necessary, the army could be

Jakey considered himself bound in honor to report to Mrs. Maynard her husband's condition, not only on account of his promise made her on the evening of his departure for the front, but because he had a vague unformulated notion that there are certain exigencies where only women can do

"No."

"Well, that's the way we're holding our enemy, but your remark leads to the other side of the problem. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. If I were a general, I'd never be on the defensive if I could help it, cost what it might. It sets a man to wondering what his enemy is going to do, instead of doing something himself. Now, our southernmost column might be pushed out here—putting his finger on the line denoting the Georgia Central railroad—'to cut the Confederates' avenue for supplies. Bragg might turn and crush it, but he can do that now. The trouble is, Jakey, we need troops for quick marches; flying columns to move without camp equipage. Such a column down there could strike, retreat, strike at another point, and so confuse an enemy that he wouldn't know what was to happen next."

Jakey was too young to understand the phases of the war problem in which Maynard's mind had become engrossed to the obliteration of his trial, disgrace, wife, child, friends, comrades, everything but the game that charmed him. But Jakey's mind was as much on his friend as his friend's was on the problem, and he determined to go on fostering the awakened interest. Unmindful of the demonstration made thus far, he suddenly broke out:

"Supposin I wor th' general commandin this hyar army 'n you uns wor th' general commandin t'other army. Now, how would it do fo' me ter march out in the middle o' the night 'n just knock the stuffin right out'n you uns?"

Maynard smiled. It suddenly occurred to him how little Jakey knew of the game of war; how useless had been his explanations.

"What would be your plan of attack, general?" he asked, wishing to humor the boy.

"Waal," said Jakey, who had no more idea of what he was talking about than the 14-year-old boy he was, "I reckon I'd put the big guns in a long line on top o' th' Pea Vine ridge hyar, 'n just scatter shot 'n shell like chicken feed."

Maynard burst into a laugh. Jakey surveyed the altered expression of his friend's face with his bright little eyes and chuckled, but his own face was as imperturbable as usual.

"General," said the boy commander's suppositions enemy, "what would you do if I were to draw my troops out of range?"

Jakey was puzzled. He made a desperate effort to conjure up a reply.

"Waal," he said presently, "I reckon I'd just wait fo' you uns ter do some'n."

"Your ground would be strong enough in itself, but weak on the flanks, especially your left, and in case of retreat you would have the creek to cross in face of an enemy, a hazardous undertaking. I would turn your left and get possession of the roads to Chattanooga. Perhaps I could defeat you and force you to recross the creek. While you were doing so I would knock you to pieces. If you succeeded in crossing, you would find my troops in your rear between you and Chattanooga."

Jakey neither understood nor even heard a word his opponent said, but he looked as seriously studious over the problem as if he were the general commanding.

"Are you whipped, general?" asked Maynard.

"Waal, mebbe ef I air whipped I don't know nothin 'bout it, 'n I'll just go on fightin till I make you uns think that you uns air whipped."

"Like Grant at Pittsburg Landing."

The reference was lost on Jakey, but it led him to think that he had made a point. He looked very wise and said nothing. He was thinking on a line which he feared might be of some practical importance to his individual self. He was not certain but that it would be necessary for him to make the connecting link in person between his friend and his friend's wife. So he turned the conversation on lines of retreat.

"Now, supposin," he said, "just supposin I was busted right hyar, how'd I git away?"

"That would depend on the condition of things. If I were the general opposing you, you'd never get away safely. I'd never stop till I had driven you into the Tennessee river."

"How could I get thar from hyar?"

"This part of your army where we are now could only fall back on Ross-ville. There the flanks would be better protected for a stand. You could go from Ross-ville to Chattanooga by this road" (pointing to it on the map). "If you should be successful in keeping your enemy far enough from you and long enough, you might cross the river there and save your army. You might perhaps stay there if not too reduced in numbers and if you could keep your line of supply open."

"This air th' bridge I'd cross th' creek on, I reckon," pointing to Reed's bridge on the map.

"That's the nearest from where we are."

"Waal, general," said Jakey in a tone to indicate that the discussion of the campaign was ended, "ef you uns bust me, I'll retreat that a way."

Nothing more was said about the imaginary campaign by either. Maynard's eye was fixed on his water map, and he was lost in study. Jakey let him alone till he saw that he was drifting back to his trouble. Then he endeavored to lead him into war again. At last, seizing a favorable opportunity, the boy suggested the propriety of sending some message to his wife.

"Time enough for that after the fight," was all Maynard would say. Jakey was discouraged. He knew that if his friend lived after the fight it would not be his own fault.

some'n," and he knew that "the general" required his wife's attention. Mounting Tom, he set off toward Ross-ville, remembering by the water map that the right hand road led there.

It was about 11 o'clock at night when he reached Ross-ville. He determined to rest there a few hours, and making for a cavalry camp got on the "soft side" of a sergeant and turned in with his natural associates, the soldiers. Jakey asked the guard to waken him at 3 o'clock, at which time, after a bite furnished by his friend, the sergeant, and a feed for Tom, he set off toward Chattanooga. At daylight he crossed the Tennessee river and was soon on his way across the neck of Moocasin point toward his destination.

As Jakey approached the plantation it occurred to him for the first time that the information he bore was not pleasant for him to give to any one, especially a woman, and that woman "the general's" wife.

"Reckon she uns'll be skeered when she sees me," he muttered to himself. "I don't like this business now. Wonder I didn't think o' this befo'. Wish they wor some n ter tell her. Mebbe I'll see Souri first. Ef I do, I'll let her tell."

But Jakey was not so lucky. He reached the plantation just before breakfast time, and as Laura Maynard cast a glance from her chamber window she saw him ride up to the veranda. She remembered well the promise she had extracted from Jakey and knew in a moment that he was the bearer of some bad news. Putting her hand on her heart to stop its thumping, she ran down stairs and out on to the veranda. The boy dismounted and came up the steps.

"Oh, Jakey, what is it?"

Now, Jakey had his own methods of carrying his points, and whether or no they were original or ingenious he carried them. Sometimes his parring was very clumsy. It was so now. He must gain time at all hazards.

"What air what?"

"There's something happened to the colonel. I know it. Tell me the worst."

"Waal, now, Mrs. Maynard, 'the general' he hain't dead nobow."

"Thank heaven he lives! Is he ill or wounded? Is the wound mortal? Or is his illness dangerous? Will he recover? Oh, tell me, tell me!"

"Which un o' them air questions shell I answer first?"

Souri came out on to the veranda, and seeing Jakey took him into her arms.

"What are you doing here, Jakey?" she asked.

"Reckon I air a-standin on ter th' gallery jest now."

"Mark is ill, wounded, heaven knows what!" exclaimed Laura. "He won't tell me." She clasped her hands and trembled.

"Jakey, don't give Mrs. Maynard pain by keeping her in suspense. Tell her."

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MAULIFFE AND LEEDS.

Young Griffo Is Confident That He Can Best Them.

FIGHTERS VS. LETTER WRITERS.

The Latter Would Be Laughed Out of Australia—Griffo Believes He Is the Best Feather and Lightweight.—Not Averse to Meeting Fitzsimmons For Four Rounds

After my contest with Horace Leeds at Coney Island on March 4 I will be ready to take on Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion of the world, and battle him for that proud title. I am giving away odds in no doing as McAuliffe is a lightweight and I am only a feather, but I have been doing that all my life, and I don't mind taking a chance. Besides it is a matter of satisfaction with me. I was robbed of a decision over McAuliffe at Coney Island by a chap who had "clocks" in his pocket by which he refereed the fight. Either the "clocks" must have gone crazy or the fingers of the referee had an unequal nervous twitching, for to the amazement of the entire audience, myself and even McAuliffe, the referee decided that McAuliffe's ticker registered more points than mine. That, too, when I had the Brooklyn boy whipped to a standstill and had outpointed him in every way. It was doubly aggravating, first, because it is the only decision I ever had given against me out of nearly a hundred fights, and, secondly, because I was robbed of a good, fat purse that I had honestly won at a time when I needed it most. To the everlasting credit of the American people be it said that they would not stand for a game like that. The press unanimously denounced the decision as an outrage, and the audience that night vigorously booed the referee for making such a decision—a blunder worse than a crime, for it robbed hundreds of people who bet on me as well as myself—and I was robbed of a good, fat purse that I had honestly won at a time when I needed it most. To the everlasting credit of the American people be it said that they would not stand for a game like that. The press unanimously denounced the decision as an outrage, and the audience that night vigorously booed the referee for making such a decision—a blunder worse than a crime, for it robbed hundreds of people who bet on me as well as myself—and I was robbed of a good, fat purse that I had honestly won at a time when I needed it most.



YOUNG GRIFFO.

take me on again for a second and a decisive meeting, and I want him to keep his word. I promise on my next fight to give him an opportunity to retrieve himself at any time and place.

Of course I expect to whip Horace Leeds on March 4, although he is taller and heavier than I, and after I am through with him and McAuliffe I will take on anybody anywhere near my size. In fact, if it is made an object, I will go up against some big fellows, just as I did in Australia, where I faced Dan Creedon, a middleweight, for eight rounds and made a draw with him. I have met lots of other big chaps at home and never was whipped. The night I told Bob Fitzsimmons in New Orleans, just after he thrashed Dan Creedon, that I would bet I could stay four rounds with him I meant it, although all the newspaper boys laughed at me, thinking I was joking. I do not think that any chap, no matter how big he is, has any clench in lulling me to slumber in four rounds. They couldn't at Australia, and I don't see what license they have to do it here.

The chap I would most like to meet again is George Dixon, first, because I want to settle our two draws, and, secondly, to choke off the eloquence of Dixon's oratorical manager, Tom O'Rourke, who is continually clamoring through the newspapers wherever he goes for another bout with me for his coffee and cream complexioned youth. Back in New York have been more "willing" to marry the plump and pleasing Peggy than I am to cross arms again with Dixon. The sooner the better, Mr. O'Rourke, so trot your little man out.

This is one of my first letters for the press, and I may be excused if I criticize some people who make a practice of writing instead of fighting. In my country a fellow would be laughed out to sea who pretended to be a champion and kept writing instead of fighting. I know I fought every fellow who posted a challenge backed with money, and other champions did the same thing. Suppose the challenger is "not in your class," but in an inferior class? Why, so much the better. You are picking up some very easy money. What nonsense, then, it is for James J. Corbett and chaps like him to put off a challenge with the idiotic excuse, "You are not in my class." That is what he did with Bob Fitzsimmons after trying to kill off Peter Jackson with old age before he would consent to meet him. In striving to do this he wrote columns of what lawyers call specious arguments, consumed tons of paper, and wasted gallons of ink. Public opinion at last forced him to give up writing and make a bluff at least at fighting. He finally agreed to meet "Lanby Bob" in the squared circle, and public opinion should force him to keep that agreement. Bob, on the other hand, is pretty near as bad. He, since the arrival in this country, got into the fashionable habit of talking about his "class" and for a time would not meet Dan Creedon, Jim Hall, Peter Maher and Joe Choy-

ski because they, forsooth, were "not in his class." He would make himself a middleweight or a heavyweight, as the situation required. Finally he got broke—bankruptcy is a great leveller—and then he went in and licked them all.

Peter Jackson is now trying the same game over in England. He has dislained the challenge of Frank Craig, "The Harlem Coffee Cooler," because Craig is "not in his class." That monument of cheek, that biggest blunder on earth, Charles Mitchell of England, for years staved off dangerous men in this same fashion and bluffed his way through the world as a great fighter.

There never was a period in his career at which there were not a dozen men at least who could whip him. And, by the way, give Mitchell credit for his capacity to "jolly" the world at large. "Chavley" never was a champion of any sort, of any country. John L. Sullivan was champion of America, Jim Smith champion of England and Peter Jackson champion of Australia, while cunning Charlie was masquerading as a "boxing champion," a title never held in any country. Mitchell never whipped a man for any title. His chief claim to fame lies in the fact that he managed by his winged feet to keep out of John L. Sullivan's way at Chantilly, France, for over three hours, and thus made a "draw" with that superb fighter, that, too, at a time when the ex-champion had just begun to run down physically.

The men whom I count real fighters and who never shirked the responsibilities of their positions within the past decade are John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, George Dixon and my humble self. No would-be champions ever threw any bluffs at us and got away with them. I think the public will agree with me when I say we fairly met all honorable challenges. The public, too, can make some of the oratorical pugilists and champion letter writers do as we have done or drive them out of the business. Then they can become orators, actors, fakirs or what they please, but be barred from posing as champion pugilists.

I have often been asked whom I think the best men in the world in their respective classes. It is rather a ticklish matter to decide, but I will take a chance on it, as I have done all my life in almost everything. So here goes. James J. Corbett I think the greatest heavyweight at the present time, although I think Bob Fitzsimmons will give him a hot going when they meet. At one time Peter Jackson or Paddy Slavin might have whipped him, but he can't now. Bob Fitzsimmons is the best middleweight breathing, with Jim Hall, if he can still get to that weight, a close second. Tommy Ryan I think the best welterweight in the world, with Joe Walcott a dangerous second. Jack McAuliffe was the best lightweight living; but, without wishing to appear presumptuous, I think I am now, although I am only a feather at this. As featherweights I think naturally that I am top of the heap, although some people favor George Dixon. I think, however, I can beat him. I also think I can defeat George (Kid) Lavigne, the conqueror of the late Andy Bowen, who is accounted by many the best 126 pound man in the world. I only met him once, and then I was not in the best condition, and we fought a draw. I gauge him by that meeting.

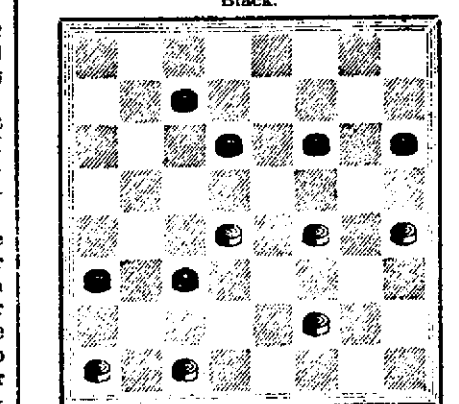
Billy Himmer is, by all odds, the greatest bantam breasting, and it is like making him a present to put any 114 or 116 pound man, not to talk of a 110 pound man, against him.

Big men are hardest to get a line on. There are a number of them who are unknown factors and liable to prove dangerous candidates for the championship at any time. Principal among these are Peter Maher, the Irish champion, and game Joe Choyinski, Corbett's schoolmate and youth rival. James thought so well of Joseph that he could never be induced to take him on again after their early battle in California.

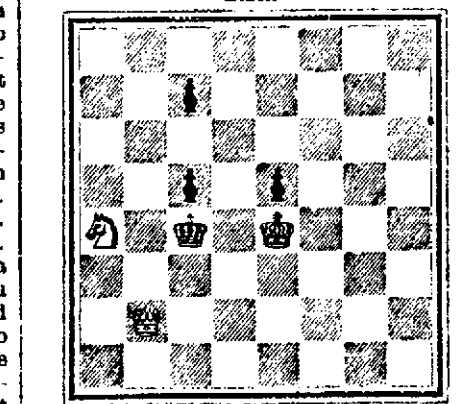
Alfred Zwick Hubbs (Griffo)

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 310.—By American Checker Review.



White to play and draw.
Chess Problem No. 310.—By W. A. Shinkman.



White to play and make four moves.
Checker Problem No. 309.
White.
1. 10 to 6
2. 20 to 16
3. 11 to 8
4. 7 to 23
5. 28 to 32, and wins
Chess Problem No. 309.
White.
1. B to B3
2. K-B3
3. Any

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Study of His Childhood and Strong Characteristics.

BOYHOOD OF THE FUTURE EMPEROR.

Abreast and Quarrelsome in Disposition, With No Regard For Neatness of Attire. Lacked the Scholarly Trait—His First Entry Into France.

(Copyright, 1886, by John Clark Ridpath.)

II.—BOYHOOD.

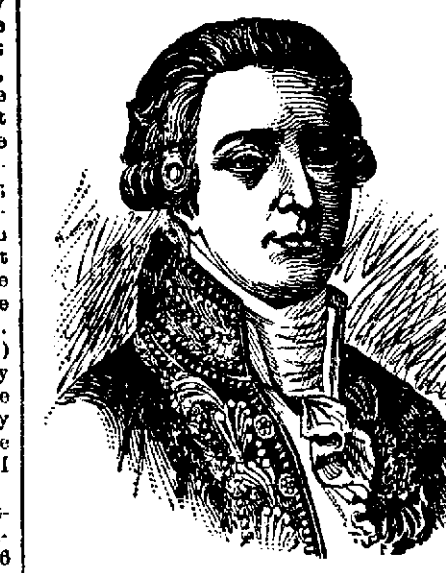
Napoleon may be said to have had a threefold life. He was an Italian by descent, a Corsican by variation, and a Frenchman by nationality. He was the last by a close contingency; for Corsica had only become French a few months before his birth. We may here glance briefly at the aspect of the world at the date of his apparition.

The Bourbon monarchy of France was in its hectic heyday—knowing little, and fearing nothing. Its wisest organ was the minister of Foreign Affairs, the great Choiseul, Louis XV. was in the forty-sixth year of his reign. Italy consisted of distracted principalities, over which the papal power still extended its scepter in spectral majesty. Clement XIV. had reached the third month of his pontificate. The Hapsburg Joseph II. was in the fourth year of that imperial rule which had now become a shadow and illusion on the disk of time. Great Britain, gaining rapidly by conquest on foreign shores, had for ruler George III., then in the thirty-first year of his age.

In America the rebels of New England had been outlawed by Parliament for their "rash and hasty proceeding" against the tax on tea. Only a few miles from the birthplace in the house of Carlo Buonaparte was stationed a Provencal lieutenant with his regiment of Lorraine, and his name was Mirabeau!

Letitia di Buonaparte was not quite nineteen years of age when her war-god was born. Incidents in the first years of the Napoleonic childhood there are none recorded. We are left to himself and to his schoolmate Bourienne for our knowledge of the earliest characteristics and events of his life.

The Corsican had a prodigious memory, and it reached back well toward his infancy. When in after years he spoke of himself—as he was much given to doing—he generally used exaggeration; but we may not doubt that there was always a vein of sterling truth under-



CARLO BONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON, running his dramatic recitals. We know indeed, out of the nature of the case, that his representations of his own child-character were in the main correct.

The young Buonaparte was from a babe abrupt and quarrelsome. His willfulness was extreme. The likelihood is that he never once in his life willingly obeyed anybody! Near his death, at Longwood, he declared that he was never afraid. His child-passion was frequently excited against Joseph, over whom he exercised a censorious sway from the time when they toddled together in the birth-room or fought in the yard. He appears to have loved his mother, and to have obeyed her in a morose and mathematical way; but in his last talk he indicates that his conduct as a child toward the mother was rather prudential than affectionate. He bears witness that the Ramolino home was tender in the treatment of him, as well as severe and just.

To their fourth child, Carlo Buonaparte and his wife gave the name of Napoleon. At the first it was Napoleone. In this form the possessor retained it until, flaring up in Paris in the character of a young Jacobin, he threw away the Italian and aristocratic diction in his name, to become plain, republican NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The first teaching of the child Buonaparte was given by his mother. Then he was sent, in his sixth year, to a child's school kept by a woman. He went from the parental threshold in that same arbitrary and belligerent mood which characterized him ever. He fought with his schoolmates, among whom he appeared with no sign of neatness in his clothing, and nothing debonair in his manner.

At this time, beside his parents, he had two important relatives. One of these was Lucien Buonaparte, brother of his grandfather Joseph; and the other was Joseph Fesch, afterwards the Cardinal Fesch, half-brother of his mother. The latter was a studious lad of twelve, who took an interest in his sister's son; and the former had wealth and influence in the island, both of which he was willing to bestow on the Buonaparte schoolboy. Young Fesch aided him with his lessons, and exercised a conservative influence on his temper. How little might it be foreseen that the younger of these twin, with his surly look and long hair and stockings down over his shoes in the dust of the playground, should one day, from an imperial palace in the most splendid city in the world, despatch his elder playmate as ambassador to the Pope of Rome!

What were the civil and social influences around the schoolhouse of Bona-

parte? The sentiments of that place are among the most potent and enduring forces of life. The child nature imbibes unconsciously the prevailing principles of the hour; and the character is formed while the first hesitant words are couched from the primer. The boy Napoleon had around his schoolroom—as around his cradle—an agitated atmosphere. It was banked with the receding clouds of revolution. There was lightning on the rim, and blood on the fringes.

The majority of the Corsicans had accepted the French dominations. Some still remembered Genoa with affection; and many sighed for independence. Among the latter were the Buonapartes. The feeling of regret for the lost cause began to wane about the time that Napoleon was sent to school; but there was still in his heart a drop of inherited bitterness on account of the French conquest. He looked back angrily at the terrible conditions surrounding him in his childhood. As late as his twentieth year he broke out in passion. "I was born," said he, "while my country was dying. Thirty thousand French, vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in waves of blood—such was the horrid sight which first met my view. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, tears of despair, surrounded my cradle at my birth." The utterance shows how hardly the future emperor of the French himself in youth became a Frenchman.

When, from the sixth to the ninth year of his age, the boy Buonaparte attended school in his native town, three lines radiated before his feet. One of these was dim and clouded, but glorified with patches of extreme light. It was the way into the kingdom of that New Philosophy which was just then revealing itself with such brilliancy in France. A second and well trod way led straightly to the Church. Rome was great and honorable. Her rewards of diligent ambition were rich and certain. The young aspirant who entered the colleges might well expect emolument and reputation. The third path led dangerously to the military life. None might at that time discern the coming upheaval of society, with its concomitant reign of the sword. But the agitations of the epoch were sufficient to encourage war, and to offer a measure of inducement to follow in the path of military glory.

The taciturn schoolboy of Ajaccio had these three open ways before him. From the first, he was precluded by the dispositions of his family, intensified in himself. He never had the scholastic trait. His abilities as a pupil, and afterwards as a military cadet, showed nothing of the philosopher. Indeed he conceived—how early in boyhood we know not—a prejudice against philosophy and the philosophers as well. As for the Church, he had an inbred admiration for Rome; but the kind of life offered in the priesthood was without attractions for him personally. He was willing that Joseph and other of his friends should become priests and bishops; but not himself. Neither the scholar's gown nor the priest's surplice offered the slightest attraction to his imagination.

The condition of the Buonaparte family about the years 1776-78 was critical. Carlo, the father, had given an interested adhesion to the French. He had his hopes from the annexation. He would keep his titles and recover the properties formerly belonging to the family. The Buonaparte estates in Corsica had been mostly lost. Some had been confiscated by the Genoese party and converted into Jesuit schools. The recent revolution had reduced Carlo's means almost to naught. He was himself of no reputation as an economist. His family had rapidly multiplied. Two children died in infancy between the birth of Napoleon and that of Lucien, in 1775. The family was brought almost to penury.

Carlo de Buonaparte could not get back his properties. The privilege of writing his name with a de did not compensate for his losses. He struggled with adversity, and sought the aid of influential friends. Among these the most available was General Marbeuf. The latter in 1776 appealed on behalf of his Corsican friends to the authorities in Paris for the privilege of educating the Buonaparte boys in France at the expense of the royal treasury. This thing might be done—provided the applicants should be under ten years of age, and be able to show four strains of noble blood in their veins! In the case of the boys Buonaparte, this could not be proved; and affairs in the homestead went from bad to worse.

At this juncture history, rather than man, came to the rescue. France was on the verge of bankruptcy. One finance minister after another was appointed, and one financial scheme after another exploded in the hands of the inventors. It became necessary to call together, at Versailles, a council of the nobles. Carlo de Buonaparte was chosen a representative from Corsica. In going to perform his duty at the French capital, he took with him, to be distributed en route, his two sons, Joseph and Napoleon; also, the boys' half uncle, Joseph Fesch; also, a cousin of Letitia, the mother. As for Fesch, he was to be left as a student at Aix. The cousin had been appointed to an office in the church at Autun; and at that place the distracted father determined to drop his two sons at school.

This was in the year 1778. The company set out by way of Florence, Genoa, Marseilles, Lyons. The youngest of the company was a sad-faced, big-eyed boy, in such apparel as could be furnished in the house of an impecunious nobleman. The boy's head was bent forward as he walked. His foot now for the first time touched the continent. He was in his tenth year. He muttered broken ejaculations to his companions. It was Napoleon Buonaparte on his way to Autun—and the world.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28 1895

The Canton Repository is urging its readers to spell Canton with a big C. THE INDEPENDENT cannot too highly commend this educational reform, and trusts that its esteemed contemporary will meet with entire success.

The attention of the gentlemen who are willing to serve as street commissioners, is called to the condition of the paved streets. Let us all hope and pray that the present commissioner's successor will not permit such a condition to exist for twenty four hours.

The steel canal boats designed to ply between Cleveland and New York, are to have a capacity of 275 tons. Threats have been made that the corporations of other states will not be permitted to pass their boats through the Erie canal, but as canals are highways, and not subject to local restrictions, no fear is entertained that the threat will be carried out.

The city of Canton is having the most unique financial experience on record. A year or more ago the corporation offered municipal bonds for sale, and they were bid in by a Cleveland firm, who received the bonds in exchange for a check. The bonds were disposed of to innocent purchasers, for they were good. In that respect they differed from the check. Unable to obtain money, the cannibal took collateral of what is now seems to be doubtful value, and thus the matter stands.

Perhaps others have observed the large number of fires caused by defective flues since the recent cold snap. An insurance man suggests that these are due, in many cases, to the hot fires maintained during the cold weather, and the consequent burning out of soot and other accumulations in chimneys. With the removal of this false lining, woodwork was made more likely to ignite, when the workmanship happened to be defective. The carelessness with which our chimneys are built is proverbial, and it will pay in many cases to make an investigation.

Sensationalism in the pulpit seems to have reached an extreme point in Steubenville, where, in one of the churches, a sermon on the parable of the ten virgins was illustrated in theatrical style. At the proper moment ten maidens appeared, clad in oriental robes, representing the five wise and five foolish virgins, the former bearing burning lamps and the latter unlit lamps. The gas was turned low while the maidens impressively chanted the parable in low, sweet tones. When the words, "Too late, too late," were told the foolish virgins, many in the audience shed tears. It is said that the "impression on all was very deep." The impression outside of Steubenville is that somebody is in danger of becoming ridiculous.

The indications are that the New York reformers were carried away by their own enthusiasm when they nominated John W. Goff for recorder. Mr. Goff is not a lawyer of great distinction, and was not previously celebrated for his reform proclivities. Circumstances brought him to the front. He conducted the examination before the Lexow committee, and did it with considerable success. It therefore followed that he was selected to fill the Recorder's office, and went in on the tidal wave. His first acts have not added laurels to his crown. He has sought the enactment of a bill increasing his own salary, and giving himself the patronage that is now divided among all the judges. He has also selected as his personal attendant, a notorious character of ill repute.

Dr. H. F. Barnes, a citizen of Stark county, who probably regards himself as neither a fool nor a knave, suggests: "The free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, would relieve the financial distress in this country in three months, maybe less time." That is to say, if the doors of the mints were opened, so that silver mine owners could dump therein fifty cents' worth of silver and carry away a coin stamped one dollar, "it would relieve the financial distress." This would enable debtors to settle honest accounts on a basis of 50 per cent., it would inflate the selling values of everything, while wages would remain stationary, and thus make our working people more miserable than they are. If the silver cranks could be kept quiet in this country, the financial question could be settled, and it must come to this, sooner or later.

SOME OLD PEOPLE.

THE INDEPENDENT's search for the oldest inhabitant of Stark County continues, and three candidates for this distinction have been found today. The youngest of these is David Fabs, one of the charter members of the Sippo Lodge, I. O. O. F., a spring

chicken of eighty-nine winters, and good for many others. Mr. Fabs has done very well, but Magnus Hammer, who lives West of town can boast of 92 years, and Mrs. Bean of West Tremont street, Massillon, is 97 years of age. From returns now in Mrs. Bean is the oldest resident of the county, but perhaps this publication may lead to the discovery of others whose years are even more numerous.

A POET OF PASSION

Mr. John B. Lomas, the simple minded poet of the people who hails from Navarre, by strict attention to the potato and the egg crop, has not only succeeded in being a farmer to the good, but has secured such a princely income for himself that he can afford to print his own poems in a nice green book with Chinamen and storks on the cover. Mr. Lomas, is a poet of passion, on the Ella Wilcox order, and has hinted at the vacuum in his own life and his reason for his disregard of appearances, in the following tender lines:

When women do not care to men,
He does not care for them,
Just as if abandoned, then
Like living in a wilderness.

He walks the streets in old clothes,
He seldom thinks of love,
What he thinks, he only knows,
He only cares to rove.

Some are wealthy but not dress,
They think it is to lose,
They keep their money in their purse,
Because there's no love to keep it loose.

LESSONS OF THE ACCIDENT.

The frightful trolley line accident of Monday afternoon, with its lesson for future guidance, suggests to many that perhaps somebody is to blame for not preventing the sort of boyish play that resulted so sadly. The most common expression is that the employees of the street railway should have such strictly enforced rules as would make bantering pranks on the moving cars impossible. It would be well, of course, if foresightedness could prevent accidents, but in this case, at least, THE INDEPENDENT does not feel like finding fault without assuming some of the responsibility, and placing the rest where it belongs—on the general public. We have all accustomed ourselves to habits of carelessness, and the subject has not invited our criticism until now, when, with easy willingness we shift it all upon the street railway people, who, from familiarity with the motor cars, are least likely to appreciate the necessity for strict regulations concerning jumping on and off, a necessity that the public at large should perceive.

Instead of finding fault, let us all take the sad lesson to ourselves. Parents should educate their children into letting the street cars entirely alone. Street railway employees should have instructions and carry them out for keeping all persons from leaving or entering the cars while in motion, and possibly it would be well if fenders were placed around the car trucks. Policemen should warn off those whose own judgment seems to be deficient, and finally, the general public, that is not likely to get into trouble when looking out for itself, should respect all reasonable regulations, and ask others to do the same.

In defence of the street railway it is to be said that considering its exposed tracks and the great number of passengers handled, the record of accidents as compared with that of steam railways is very favorable. The accident of Monday doubtless will arouse greater vigilance in every direction. It is important that this additional watchfulness be not short lived.

PETERS TO THE GOULDS.

The Rev. Madison O. Peters, who recently lectured in Massillon, startled his congregation and some other people Sunday, by criticizing the Gould Castellane wedding from his pulpit.

"Two million dollars for a title," he exclaimed. "The outward legal form may seal the lips of criticism, but a marriage is not. As the \$2,000,000 to be settled upon the little count is contingent on his good behavior, there is very little likelihood of the money ever getting out of the Gould family. 'So common is the mercantile estimate of marriage becoming that I should not be surprised to see the hymeneal market like a chronicle in the newspapers with the prices current of the stock exchange. Marriage, instead of being God's holiest institution, a union on equal terms, a free and glad surrender of the heart, is becoming so profaned and reproached that it makes one shudder to think of it."

"We despise a man who takes a bribe. We put stripes on him. What shall we say of these titled adventurers who offer themselves in marriage to the highest American bidder? What shall we say of the young women who turn what is not clean and pure and American away and sell themselves willing victims to European profligacy?"

"Our boast is that we are Democratic. The fact is we are the most snobbish and the most slavish worshippers of rank of any nation in the world. It is seldom that a titled fortune hunter falls in his suit for an American woman's hand. There is such a bewitching charm in the empty titles we affect to despise that women will feign to love an effete nobleman who would, if unfitted, be positively repulsive."

"But, a marriage is far from respectable. It may take place in high society, but it is high society turned low. The pagan pomp and vulgar outlay with which it may be celebrated only furnish the mask that covers the mockery—the mockery which invariably taunts the misery in the end."

NO HELP COULD SAVE HIM.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, JR. DIES FROM SHOCK TUESDAY MORNING.

The Frightful Result of Boyish Headlessness—Thrown Under an Electric Car and His Legs Cut Off—He Bore His Affliction Like a Little Hero.

Looking out of her window in the Hotel Conrad, Monday afternoon, Mrs. Bryant saw her boy fall under the motor cars, saw him dragged up the street, and was one of the first to go to him. The accident was one of the saddest and most heart rending that has ever taken place in Massillon, and it resulted in the death of the victim a few hours later. The bereaved parents are Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bryant, the father being one of the proprietors of the Hotel Conrad. The son, who bore the father's name, was 16 years old, a manly, handsome, promising fellow, the friend of everybody and everybody's friend. He bore up stoically and although helpless, hopeless, and suffering great agony, calmly urged his parents to accept the inevitable bravely, and he died like a young hero.

The surgeons and physicians, who were Drs. T. J. Reed, Neil and Irene Hardy, gave no encouragement for recovery from the first. He was put under the influence of opiates as soon as he had been carried to the hotel, but his pulse became so weak that an operation was not attempted until after midnight. He then rallied somewhat, and the left leg was removed, at the hip. The surgeons had just completed their task when the unfortunate boy died.

The accident occurred at 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon. Young Bryant had returned from school accompanied by a number of companions. Harry Crawford, Paul Harrison, Harry Poltz and George Lester clambered upon the platform of the trailer of the outgoing inter urban car, saying that they were going to ride to the top of the hill. William Bryant ran along beside the car and, in a joking way, tried to grasp one of the boy's legs, in order to compel him to walk, but they all kept out of his reach. Catching the forward railing he then gave a leap in order to secure Paul Harrison's hat. In the descent his feet missed the car step, and he was hurled in a sitting position under the trailer wheels. He was dragged some distance before the wheels passed over his legs. Mrs. Bryant was standing at an upstairs window and witnessed the accident. She rushed down to the street but was stopped by friends before reaching the spot. When the father reached the scene the boy lay up and said: "Oh papa, look at my legs. I can never ride a bicycle again, can I?" The injured boy was immediately conveyed to his room, where he died at 2:15 o'clock this morning.

The shock to Mr. and Mrs. Bryant can be imagined. He was their only son, and so attractive in manner and person that their grief can be fully appreciated. Messages of condolence came to them from every quarter, and during the night friends arrived from Akron, while others wired that they would reach Massillon Tuesday. The dead boy's school friends crowded the Hotel Conrad lobby all night, and many visited him as he lay upon the operating chair partially under the influence of chloroform. From time to time he would revive and recognize persons present, but after speaking a word or two would again succumb. Shortly before the surgeons began work he regained consciousness and bade his father, mother, sister and near friends present good night. He then turned to the doctors and remarked that he was ready. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bryant had become resigned to the fact that their son could not recover. Though almost prostrated they bore up bravely, but when death came their grief knew no bounds.

The funeral services will be conducted at the hotel parlors Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the Rev. E. L. Kemp and the Rev. John Herr, officiating. On Thursday morning the body will be taken to Ripley, N. Y., via Canton and Cleveland, for burial.

Suggestions of a Parent.

MR. EDITOR—The writer was a witness of the deplorable accident which happened this evening in Main street, whereby a bright youth may lose his life, and if not, must remain a helpless cripple as long as he lives. The sympathy of all good citizens is with the sufferer and his estimable family, who have lately taken up their residence among us, and it is hoped that young Bryant may survive his injuries. Why are such accidents allowed to happen? Why do conductors and motormen allow boys to jump on and off their cars in such a reckless and dangerous manner? Where are the police? The writer has frequently remarked the prevalence of this custom, and has often seen boys in various ages playing about the cars in Main street, both while the cars were standing still and when in motion, while policemen have stood with their hands in their pockets and looked on, laughing at their antics. We read daily of the accidents which are caused by the "deadly trolley," and it seems to the writer that many accidents could be avoided if a little more care was exercised upon the part of those in charge of the cars as well as the police. Young Bryant has met with a misfortune, which is probably the result of his own carelessness, and the company who operate the cars are probably not to blame in the matter. But what a price to pay for a little boyish carelessness! Let the company instruct its employees to keep children from playing about the cars. Let the police force exercise vigilance in this matter. It will be vastly better to arrest a few boys and fine them heavily for such actions than to allow this reckless risk of life and limb to continue.

ALMAS.

Monday, Feb. 25, 1895.

LENTEN REGULATIONS.

Directions Presented for Catholics by Bishop Horstmann.

Lenten begins tomorrow, and Bishop Horstmann has laid down rules for faithful Catholics to observe. Briefly they are as follows:

The use of meat is allowed at any time on Sunday, and at the one principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, excepting Saturday of Ember week, and Holy Saturday. Saturday of Ember week falls this year on March 9th. Meat and fish must not be eaten at the same meal, not even on Sunday of Lent. Eggs and butter, cheese and milk are allowed on abstinence days at dinner and at the evening collation.

In the morning coffee, tea, chocolate, etc., may be taken with a small piece of bread, no butter nor other condiment. Lard and suet may be used in cooking on days of abstinence.

When dinner cannot be had at mid day, it is allowed to invert the order and take the collation in the morning and the dinner in the evening.

Persons who are lawfully exempted from fasting may eat meat more than once on the days when meat is allowed.

The evening collation ought not to exceed the fourth part of an ordinary dinner, or at most, eight ounces.

All persons who are 21 years old are bound to fast, unless hindered by hard work or by sickness.

ADVICE TO EPISCOPALIANS.

The Rev. Edward L. Kemp, rector of St. Timothy's church, has issued a Lenten pastoral in which he gives reasons why the season should be kept, as follows:

1. It is a commemoration of the fastening, temptations, the sorrows and death of the Son of God, our Savior.

2. It is not a superstitious following of a Romish custom; the fast of Lent antedates Romish errors, and it is in no way necessarily associated with them.

3. There are advantages in having seasons of continuous devotion.

4. We all need times of quiet for giving more help to our soul's welfare.

HOW LENT CAN BE KEPT.

1. Give up attending entertainments of all kinds during this season.

2. Abstain from the use of favorite articles of food, and devote the money thus saved to some religious object.

3. Give some portion of each day to religious work for others. It is easy to find something to do that can help to increase your Easter offering.

4. Devote thirty minutes or more each day to the reading of the bible and some religious book.

5. Attend the church services as often as you can, not only on Sundays, but throughout the week.

6. Read one of the gospels through systematically.

7. Pray frequently that the Lord would help you overcome your besetting sins.

"Canary Bird Dan," an old man probably 70 years of age, who does nothing but tramp from one town to another, dropped into the city last night and spent the evening calling upon acquaintances and drinking lager beer. "Canary" is an eccentric old man, the only common trait about him being a great thirst for strong drink. He is said to be quite wealthy, and no doubt he is, for he always has money and never works. What he calls his trunk is a small package wrapped in a greasy newspaper, and no person has ever gazed upon the interior of this bundle, for no matter how drunk he is he always guards it jealously. He is well known in all the surrounding towns and cities. Nobody knows his last name, and he was given the sobriquet of "Canary Bird" because of a peculiar noise he makes resembling the twitter of that bird.

Lower Telephone Rates.

The Central Union Telephone Company announced an important change in its tariff this morning, making a rate for three minute conversations. Hereafter the rate between Canton and Massillon will be 15 cents, instead of 25 cents; from Massillon to Cleveland, 45 cents instead of 60; from Massillon to Mansfield, 45 cents instead of 70; from Massillon to Zanesville, 50 cents instead of 90; from Massillon to Orrville, 15 cents instead of 25; from Massillon to Columbus, 75 cents instead of \$1.40. It must be borne in mind that these rates are all for three minute conversations.

All at Work Today.

The Farmers' Telephone Company and their men who struck Monday morning for an increase of wages settled their differences Monday night. The men consented to return to work today at the old price on condition that they receive a raise of twenty-five cents per day, to take effect on March 1st. They all seemed sorry for the step they had taken. Every man is working today, and their employers expect no more trouble.

San Perkey Tries Moral Lesson.

San Perkey discovered a young man in his chicken coop on Friday night in the act of stealing several of his best fowls. Mr. Perkey did not have the boy placed under arrest, as many another man would have done had he been in his place, but lectured him severely and exacted a promise from him never to be guilty of such a thing again.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters, remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon February 26, 1895.

Howell, Mrs. M. J. Wade, Mrs. Bellie Sherwood, Miss Criswell, 2.

Bancroft, W. H. Gieb, Christopher Boone, Criss, McLean, D. B. Christie, D. J. Miller, W. C. Courtney, Clarence, Stiff, Otto. Conner, J. S. Stortz, M. Getzel, Nicholas, Wagner, Adolph. Gholson, John, Washington, S. N. Gephrey, Lew, Wentzel, J. C. Koons, L. M.

FORGIVEN.

Christall, Lach. Christopher Lach. Mrs. Wam Robinson.

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

CLARENCE RUSSELL, P. M.

ANOTHER DALTON FIRE.

THE RESULTS NOT SO DISASTROUS AS IT WAS FEARED.

Aid Asked of Massillon and an Engine and Fireman Sent Promptly by Special Train.

A Destructive Fire the Cause of the Trouble—One Building Badly Damaged.

DALTON, Feb. 26.—The cry of fire was again heard on our streets today. This time it was the paint shop of Martin Shultz. The fire originated from a defective flue, and the flames were issuing out of the roof before discovered and in an hour's time the building was consumed. It was by hard labor that the Presbyterian and U. P. churches, our new school house and a dwelling house occupied by Will Scott, were saved. Mr. Shultz succeeded in saving the contents of the lower rooms but all of his finest work, paints and furnishings were destroyed. A large crowd soon gathered from the country, Orrville and Burton City. The band stand was also consumed.

Dalton seems to be doomed. On Sunday afternoon the drum to a pipe upstairs in the residence of Mrs. John Fisco, burst, scattering fire, soot and smoke in every direction and causing quite an excitement, but no damage was done beyond blackening faces, clothing and furniture.

AID SENT FROM MASSILLON.

Another appeal for assistance was sent from Dalton this morning at 9:45 o'clock. J. W. McDowell telephoned down stating that the Shultz Wagon Company's building was on fire and that the Dalton fire department was unable to get the flames under control. A heavy consultation was held and in a few minutes a fire engine, a hose reel, eighteen hundred feet of hose and fifteen experienced firemen were being placed upon two flat cars on the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad, ready for the trip.

Several hundred people were at the station making every effort to crowd upon the two small cars. Chief Burke refused to allow any persons not firemen to ride, but several men who were not firemen succeeded in making the trip. After the train was well on its way persons who had been secret themselves behind the reel and engine, came forth, knowing well that the train would not stop to put them off. When the train reached the telegraph station, a few miles on this side of Dalton, a message was handed to the men in charge of the train stating that the fire was under control and their services would not be needed. The reupon Chief Burke ordered their return to Massillon.

MALAY CAMPHOR.

Drugs and Camphor.

This species of camphor is produced from a tree growing in Sumatra, Borneo, and the Malay Peninsula, and is known as Malay Camphor. It is secreted naturally in crystalline masses and lodged in cavities in the wood. It is whitish, translucent, somewhat unctuous to the touch, very volatile, and its odor strong and fragrant. One of the strongest properties of the Malay Camphor, as well as that of all other camphors, is their strong sedative power, and they are all of great power in allaying irritation and relieving pain. The ordinary liquid camphor purchased at the drug store, if applied to a tender surface, will cause a smart, but this is due, not to the camphor, but to the alcohol in which it is held in solution. The wonderful success that has followed the introduction of Pretzinger's Ointment Balm has been due to the fact that in it are carried not only the well known camphor of commerce, but this Malay Camphor and the camphor obtained from the Australian Blue Gum Tree, as well as the Japanese Camphor, better known as Menthol, obtained from Japan, and other camphors, and all these in combination have a wonderful healing effect, and their power to subdue the irritated membranes of the air passages of the nose and throat is skin to the marvelous. If anyone with a sore throat or a cold in the head, or with the membrane diseased from catarrh, would sniff this Remedy up the nostrils, a wonderful soothing effect would be felt at once, and the irritation disappear almost magically. Any reader of this article who has any difficulty whatever with the air passages of the head, should obtain Pretzinger's Ointment Balm and see if the statements in this article are not facts. The many thousands who have used this invaluable remedy will give it their unqualified endorsement.

Pretzinger Bros., chemists, Dayton, O., will send sample on receipt of a two cent stamp.

For Consumptives.

ALTOONA, Pa., May 25, 1894.

Gentlemen: Please send me two dozen of your Dr. Bayer's German Cough Syrup. I have a lady customer who has been sick with a severe cough for 15 years. She has tried everything and received no relief. I sold her a bottle of your Syrup, and it helped her at once. I can build up a large trade in your article this coming winter, and will buy it in gross lots.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. SCHIMMINGER, Druggist.

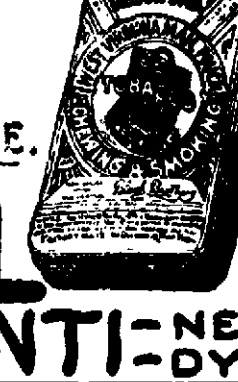
For sale at all drug stores.

"She wrote in a handwriting jerky. She talked with an emphasis jerky. She painted on tiles, in the sweetest of styles. But she didn't know chicken from turkey."

But she knew Dr. Price's Golden Medical Discovery to be the very best remedy for a sallow and unhealthy complexion. It brightens the skin by acting on the liver and removing all the bilious or scrofulous poison from the blood. Sure cure, also for consumption in its early stages.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

A CHEW. TO CHEW. A SMOKE TO SMOKE.



MAIL POUCH
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

DR. SMITH ON WASHINGTON

A PATRIOTIC SERMON AT THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH

The Pastor Preaches on the Father of Our Country and His Relations to our Republican Form of Government—An Example for Americans to Emulate.

The First M. E. church was crowded Sunday night, to hear the patriotic sermon which the pastor, the Rev. Dr. George B. Smith, had been asked by the Order of United American Mechanics to deliver. Dr. Smith preached from a text found in Proverbs 28: 2, "For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged." He said:

The writer of this proverb was possessed of a keen, penetrating, judicial mind and his wisdom is unsurpassed. The governor and the governed are in a fixed relation to each other. The government is affected by the character of the ruler in correspondence with his qualities of mind and heart. For the purposes of bad government men are readily to be found. For the purposes of good government it requires men of understanding and knowledge. The subject on which I have been requested to speak tonight is "Washington and his Relation to our Republican Form of Government."

However difficult it may be to separate legend from history, we are certain of so many good things being true concerning the Father of our country that we are sure the traditions add nothing to the lustre of his character. The visitor to St. Peter's, Rome, is disappointed when he first gazes upon that colossal structure; its proportions are so exact; the work done by Michael Angelo when he freed its magnificent dome and ceilings is in such perfect harmony with the plans of the architect, that the cathedral does not appear so large as it is, but when one considers that within its walls 57,900 people can stand and that three of our great churches could be placed one upon another beneath its dome, our ideas concerning its magnitude are enlarged. So of our thoughts concerning Washington. He was not as highly educated as John Adams, as philosophically as Franklin. He was not possessed of the brilliant intellect that characterized Hamilton. He did not have the military genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, but in substantial manhood, solid information and sound judgment, and in all those traits of character that inspire confidence and compel success, he was greater than all of them.

Were you to climb some tall mountain in America or Europe you might think of your exploit as though you had ascended the loftiest mountain of earth, but in Asia is Mt. Everest, supposed to lift itself 29,000 feet above the level of the sea. We may think that men closer to us in time or farther removed are greater in their achievements and in character than Washington, but when we have measured and weighed and computed, and in the light of all history have beheld the men of action in the affairs of nations, no figure stands before us with such loftiness of character as a national benefactor as Washington.

He had an uncommon amount of common sense. He had wealth and used the power of wealth in a just way. He was intensely loyal. He was a colonial American and a national American, and he was radically an American, giving his time and energy to the support of his country. Above everything else he was a devout believer in God and in the overruling of His providence. He believed that our cause was God's cause, and when storm clouds filled our sky and mountain waves dashed upon us he was brave and calm in the thought: God reigns and rules, and His hand will guide us safely through.

There were three transitional periods in the history of this country when the presence of Washington was essential to the success of our republic as a form of government. The first was the effort to gain independence, in which Washington filled the place of commander in chief of our armies, and for eight years so conducted the war that at last we were victorious. The second was the consolidation of the Union in the formation of a constitution, in which almost insurmountable difficulties were overcome, and the third was the landing of our newly built ship of state for her trial voyage, in which Washington filled the Presidential chair for eight years.

In Washington the hope of the colonies and of the states centered. He maintained the doctrine of the union and by his devotion to principle and country he held the respect of his countrymen and focalized their patriotism upon the nation rather than upon the states, and thus the world was given its best republican government. "France had a constitution but France had no Washington." Other republics have started upon their careers, but were soon wrecked because they lacked a guiding hand.

In the providence of God we have received the institutions of a free government, a constitution which the world admires and a mass of colossal proportions to direct the affairs of the nation at the beginning, so that any mistakes of after years have not brought dishonor and defeat to our cause.

As Washington stood for America let us stand for our beloved land.

Asthma, Hay Fever and kindred ailments absolutely cured by a newly discovered treatment. Sent by mail, pamphlet, references and particulars free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 683 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. EVERHARD RESIGNS.

She Retires from the Massillon Equal Rights Association.

Mrs. C. McC. Everhard has resigned the presidency of the Massillon Equal Rights Association.

CRUSHED IN A COAL MINE.

JOHN MONG KILLED AT MILLER HILL, MONDAY MORNING.

A Rock Weighing Four Hundred Pounds Falls on His Head, Wounding It to a Deadly and Causing Death Instantly—He was 21 Years Old and Unmarried.

John Mong, a miner employed at the Miller Hill mine, was instantly killed while at work Monday at about 9 o'clock. Mong was working in his room directly under a loose stone top weighing about 400 pounds. How it became loosened is not known, but at any rate it fell, striking him upon the head and shoulder, horribly crushing him so that he died in five minutes. Miners working near by noticed the accident and removed the stone from his body and brought it to the top of the shaft, where willing hands bathed his crushed head and slowly conveyed him to his home, two miles distant. When first found he presented a most sickening appearance.

Coroner McQuate arrived about 11 o'clock, and decided that death was due to purely accidental causes. The unfortunate man's neck was broken, his right thumb cut off, and his brain oozed out of his ears and mouth. The case is made additionally distressing by the fact that his sister is expected to die at any moment of cancer.

District mine Inspector John P. Jones arrived in the city about noon in response to a telegraph message and immediately went to the scene of the accident.

John Mong was but 21 years of age and his horrible death will be a great shock to all who knew him. He was unmarried and resided with his parents near Bowman's schoolhouse, northwest of the city.

Eton.

Lee Marchand has gone away for treatment; his friends all hope that he may be benefited.

Messrs. Baughman and Hollinger were the guests of Samuel Baughman, sr., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Beck were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Hemperly, at Greenville, Sunday.

A baby boy came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blitz but only tarried a few days. The little one was interred in the Catholic cemetery, at Navarre, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Schindler have gone to housekeeping in John Evert's property.

Rose, the beautiful 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Breidiker, died Thursday morning of heart trouble. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. E. M. Beck, at McFarren's church, and the fair little form was laid in Stand's graveyard. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents.

The Rev. Mr. Yoder will begin protracted meetings at McFarren's church Thursday night.

A Good Indication.

Medical practitioners of prominence are prescribing for the cure of diseases springing from derangement of the digestive organs, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This professional endorsement is justified by the fact that no other preparation has been found so efficacious in that class of disorders even in the most advanced and severe cases. It has cured gravel in the kidneys, stone in the bladder and inflammation of the kidneys, where all other medicines had failed. It can be purchased of any druggist. A book is wrapped about each bottle, explaining its use.

To Make Pure Blood.

There is no medicine before the people equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the standard spring medicine and blood purifier and it possesses peculiar merit which others try in vain to reach. It really makes the weak strong. Do not neglect to purify your blood this spring. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Mrs. Baker, of Akron, is visiting Massillon friends.

Mrs. G. O. Haverstick is visiting her sister in Ravenna.

Lawrence Orfat has been appointed guardian of Henry H. Kandal, of Jackson township.

Joseph Bruny will move into the Walker block and George Kramer into the Harsh block.

John Voehel, of Canton, spent Sunday with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Birt, in Oliff street.

John Rupert and William Rastetter, of Jackson township, spent Sunday with friends in the city.

Miss Sallie Fleisher, of Canton, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Henry Gribble, East Main street.

Edward Royer has sold his Erie street saloon to C. F. Barth, late of Juneau, Alaska. Mr. Barth will take possession at once.

The Misses Gertrude Benderman and Flora Welsh, of Canton, spent Sunday with the Misses Florence and Flora Welsh, in Oliff street.

Clarence A. Vogt was married at 8 o'clock Tuesday night to Miss Mary Shearer, in St. Paul's Lutheran parsonage by the Rev. L. H. Barry.

During the week commencing February 14 and ending February 21, the coal out put at the Massillon mines on the W. & L. E. railway reached 420 cars.

Mrs. Thomas Goodman, late of Canton, the only daughter of the late John Saxton, died in Chicago, last week. She will be recalled by many older residents.

Miss Clara Youngblood was pleasantly surprised by a party of young friends, who reminded her of her eighteenth birthday, Tuesday night. The guests danced and pulled taffy.

Sherman Kirkland, formerly a clerk in Supt. F. J. Stout's office at Columbus, will soon remove to Toledo, where he has been given a better position in the office of General Manager A. G. Blair.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Godfrey Henk and Theresa Lucine, of Massillon; John H. Commer and Minnie Gibley, of Waynesburg; Wm. J. Patterson and Margaret Willard, of Alliance.

The Christian Endeavor leaders of the Church of Christ for the coming month are: March 5, Mrs. Augusta Russell; March 12, Moses Hughes; March 19, Gertrude Smith; March 26, Mrs. James Almer.

The City Union Christian Endeavor society elected the following officers yesterday: President, Arthur Young; vice president, Aaron Rubright; secretary, treasurer, Frank Haines; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. G. Berkey.

Ferry McLain received a dispatch from the Western agent of the J. H. McLain Co., asking that funds be forwarded to Denver, at once. The unfortunate traveling man had been held up by Texas highwaymen, and relieved of everything he had of value.

The Farmers' Telephone Company has sent blanks to its subscribers who now use Bell telephones, for them to fill out. The blank is a notice to the Bell people to remove their instruments on March 31. Contracts require thirty days' notice to be given.

Herbert Johns, who has gone to Florida in order to act as advance agent for the Bohmann Quartette, was a passenger on the L. & N. train wrecked on Saturday near Montgomery. One man in his car was killed, but he escaped without a scratch.

Two games of checkers were played by telegraph last evening between J. W. Carnes, of this city, and Mr. Gilmore, of Elvira. Carnes won both games. Another match by wire is arranged for Friday evening between two of Elvira's best players and Mr. Carnes.

The school children of St. Barbara's church, of West Brookfield, gave an entertainment in the school house Monday night. It was largely attended and was great success in every particular. A pantomime exhibition was one of the features of the evening. Supper was served after the performance.

The hard times dance given by the H. T. C. at the Armory, Monday night, was certainly a success, both socially and financially, and everybody enjoyed it to the utmost. Too much credit can not be given for the music which was furnished by Schworm's orchestra. A great many numbers had to be repeated.

The Rev. Edward L. Kemp, in his Sunday morning sermon made reference to the approach of Lent, and expressed the wish that members of his congregation would neither participate in nor give social entertainments during the season. While a contrary course might not be unlawful, he said, paraphrasing St. Paul, it was inexpedient.

Stark Lodge No. 16, National Reserve will hold a lunch box social in their hall, in the stone block on Tuesday evening, March 5. All members and their families are cordially invited to be present. This same organization will hold a social dance in the armory the first Tuesday after Easter. This society was organized several months past and has a membership of seventy-five.

George W. Stover, of Portland, Ore., is in the city on business with the Massillon Engine and Thresher Company. He reports a slight improvement in general business on the coast, but deplores the extremely low price of wheat and wool, and says Oregon is sure to vote for Republicanism and protection in the future, and that McKinley is their choice for the next President.

James R. Dunn, administrator of the Kent Jarvis estate, has received a deed from Governor McKinley, of Ohio, for certain lands bordering on the Ohio canal, belonging to the estate. Mr. Dunn has experienced considerable trouble in effecting a sale of certain lots from the fact that the state was

alleged to hold a claim against this land, therefore a clear title could not be given. The receipt of this clearance deed is sufficient assurance that no such claims exist.

Michael Elmas, who resides at 122 East Tremont street, is again laid up with a broken bone in his leg. Mr. Elmas it will be recalled, was the victim of an accident at Russell & Co.'s several months ago, but has recently been able to move about a little, with the aid of crutches. While thus walking, the other day, a devious plank gave way under his crutch, and he fell, breaking the small bone of one leg, where it had previously been fractured. Mr. Elmas will be laid up for about two months in consequence.

A MINER WANTS TO DIE

Prevented by Force From Accomplishing His Desire.

Thomas Johnson, a coal miner from Massillon, O., attempted to commit suicide at the police station in Allegheny yesterday morning and was removed from the Allegheny lockup to the county jail.

After being placed in the cell at the police station yesterday afternoon, Johnson asked for paper and pencil and then wrote a letter to his relations living in Canal Fulton, O. It was addressed: "Dear brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, uncles and aunts," and it bade them all farewell. He informed them that he had been arrested for a crime of which he was not guilty. He said he could not live with such a false charge hanging over him. He also requested his relatives take charge of his remains and give him a decent burial.

JOHNSON'S OFFENSE.

A dispatch sent to THE INDEPENDENT this afternoon, by Henry Muth, superintendent of the Allegheny police, says: Thomas Johnson was arrested for trying to break into a house. He was slightly demented and was sent to jail for ten days.

M'BRIE AND MARK WILD.

The Newman Correspondent Smells an Order of Corruption.

NEWMAN, Feb. 27.—Mrs. Mary Aston and son John, of East Greenville, spent Sunday of last week with Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Mordecai Davis is seriously ill with a complication of diseases and her recovery is doubtful.

The Ohio insurance adjuster called Monday and adjusted the Widow Miller's loss in a satisfactory manner.

Our public school honored George Washington's birthday by vacation.

The Forrest coal mine is expected to be worked out this week. There is talk of making an opening north east of their present mine on the J. W. Reischel farm.

Our mines with but one or two exceptions are running very slow.

Our brick works have shut down indefinitely, not knowing what kind of brick will be in demand in the spring, as different cities are figuring on a different kind of brick.

Jaob D. Wetter, of Massillon, made our village a business call, on Monday.

Dr. Hiram Dinsinger, of Canal Fulton, has made several professional trips to this place during the past week, attending Thomas Masters, Jr. and Mother Young, and holding a consultation with Dr. D. K. Jones on Mrs. Mordecai Davis.

The promptness in which sub-district Secretary Treasurer, Abraham Williams, Jr. handles the duties of his office is commendable and will be the means of paving the way for some thing higher.

The burning of the school house in district No. 5, this township, is unfortunate for Miss Jennie Kitt, as she was hired to teach the summer term there. The least the board of education could do now would be to secure her another school.

We notice that Mark Wild is determined to continue his fight against President John McBride on the charge of corruption, notwithstanding the ex-oneration of the recent miners' national convention. We have here before had implicit confidence in John McBride when it came to dealing with the miners, for if there is a class of people on the face of God's green earth that McBride should be faithful too, it is the miners, for they have been instrumental in all of his elections and it will require a much better explanation from either McBride or his friends than has been given before the miners can believe him entirely innocent of the charges made by Mark Wild. The charity racket will not win. A man holding the position that Mr. Wild did in labor organization, during and after the strike referred to, being made an object of charity by the capitalists, he was fighting unaided on his part, he is breaking all former records and does not seem reasonable. From what we have heard and read we are inclined to the opinion that the \$600 McBride confessed he handled was a strange odor of corruption somewhere along the line. We hope John can clear himself from the charge and allow confidence to be restored among the miners again, for as it is there is considerable uneasiness in the miners' camp.

Miss Mary Becket, of Canton, is circulating among her relatives in this place the past week.

That Dalton Fire.

The loss incurred by the fire in the Shultz wagon works, at Dalton, Tuesday, is estimated at \$10,000. The insurance is divided as follows: Five hundred in the Merchants and Manufacturers, of Mansfield; \$500 in the Ohio Mutual, of Salem; \$500 in the Western Mutual, of Urbana. On the building there was \$500 in the Merchants and Manufacturers, of Mansfield; \$500 in the Western Mutual, of Urbana. The Republican says that Wooster sent an engine, men and supplies as far as Orrville, where they were turned back just as was the relief train from Massillon.

If your dollar buys one-half more at our store than elsewhere, we really make you a present of just that much in gold. Our clearance sale is the biggest we have ever held. J. D. Frank & Co.

SHORTAGE MADE GOOD.

EX-TREASURER MAUDRU CLOSING AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Mrs. Aultman Desires to Regain Complete Control of Her Property—The Decision of Justice of the Peace Sibila Set Aside—Movements in Real Estate.

CANTON, Feb. 27.—The shortage in the county treasury has at last been made good. The remaining \$1,400 was paid by ex-Treasurer Maudru on Tuesday afternoon, but without interest. At the rate of six per cent there should have been something over \$300 paid in addition to the deficit.

Proceedings have been instituted to vacate the guardianship of Mrs. Katharine B. Aultman, widow of the late Cornelius Aultman, who was declared of unsound mind on December 5, 1891. L. L. Miller was appointed her guardian, and it is now stated that so liberal has been his policy that until within a month or two Mrs. Aultman did not know that her affairs were not under her control Judge Thayer, of Canton, and Judge Ambler, of Salem, have been retained to work up the case. It is understood that Mrs. Aultman now desires to endow the hospital which bears her husband's name, and has other projects which she cannot carry out while the guardianship exists.

Judge McCarty has sustained the appeal of Mayer Margolis, recently prosecuted before Justice Folger for violating the food laws in the sale of wines. It was claimed that the affidavit was defective in three particulars.

A statement of the claims of A. E. Spalding, of Massillon, was filed by his assignee in probate court on Tuesday. The claims aggregated \$1,911, and the stock of wall paper and stationery sold for but \$400.

Edward A. Kitzmiller, of the Kitzmiller Stone Co., claims in a petition filed in court that there is due him from J. M. Whitaker \$369.24 on certain promissory notes. He prays for judgment against the latter sum.

Wetly & Taylor, Canton attorneys, have begun suit against Casper and John Zimmerman and George Nist to recover payment of fees in the sum of \$154.18.

Harry Edward DeBather, aged 4 years, of Massillon, has been adopted by Louis and Caroline Wagner, of that city.

John H. Fisher has been appointed guardian of Ira B. and Cedella J. Fisher, of Massillon.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Henry Thels and Mary Bachtel, of Canton; Charles Otto Towns and Jessie O. Bowman, of Homeworth; Charles Rose and Bertha M. Bailey, of Waynesburg; Clarence Vogt and Mary Shearer, of Massillon.

Cordelia Bash asks for a divorce from her husband, E. B. Bash, alleging extreme cruelty. The defendant for merely lived in Navarre, and once ran for representative on the Democratic ticket.

Judge McCarty has reversed the judgment given by Justice Sibila in the case of A. J. Richheimer, of Massillon, vs. the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railway. Judgment reversed at cost of defendant, and action dismissed for want of jurisdiction before a justice of the peace.

East and west walls of the Canton fire engine house are spreading.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Miller gave a progressive whist party Monday night. The prizes went to Mrs. Howard, of Boston, and Mrs. Henry Freese, Meers, Herman Kuhns and Dennis Quinn.

The new Canton telephone ordinance has been amended so as to permit the stringing of wires in cables, on poles, instead of underground conduits.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, first ward—Richard Hanks to Frank A. Clement, lot No. 1972 \$210

Massillon, second ward—Martin Limbach to Edward Limbach, lot No. 2231, \$200

Massillon, third ward—Mary M. Royer to Susan Paul, lot No. 897, \$850.

Ora H-eckert to A. E. Heckert, lots No. 1863 64 65

Massillon, fourth ward—John P. Paul to Joseph Kettl, lot No. 277, \$600

Ferry township—Charles E. Jarvis to Edward D. Long, 13 100 acre out of 74 75 100 acres, \$400

PROBABLY FATALITY INJURED.

Accident at the Canton Safe Works—Do not yet Made Good.

CANTON, Feb. 26.—Peter Gatt and Michael Krebs, employees at the Canton safe works, were probably fatally injured at 6:30 o'clock last night. The men were engaged in tearing down a cement stack when a cave-in took place and the men were badly crushed. Gatt had three ribs broken and sustained internal injuries. Krebs' shoulder was dislocated and he also was internally injured.

Jane O. Getty, of Alliance, assigned yesterday to J. A. Getty and A. O. Strong. The assets are estimated at \$3,000; liabilities about the same.

John Hair, of Canton, has been appointed guardian of Minnie, William and Etta Hair.

The will of Reuben Shanabrook, of Lawrence township, has been probated.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Mathias Schmitz and Mary Sobello, of West Brookfield, and Sylvester Schrader and Lizzie Smith, of Massillon.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

Did Wechter Commit Suicide?—Said by the City of Massillon.

CANTON, Feb. 25.—A mystery surrounds the death of Samuel Wechter, whose body was found early on Sunday morning frozen and partially covered with water in a small creek just south of Tuscara was street, and directly in front of the Duerber works. No marks of violence were discovered, and the body was lying face down in about four inches of water. Reports to the effect that Wechter had committed suicide and had met with foul play were circulated, but since the post-mortem examination, which was held yesterday, it is the general belief that the deceased was the victim of heart failure, he having had several slight

attacks previous to the one that likely caused his death. Samuel Wechter was foreman in the Dick agricultural works, and with his wife lived in Seventh street. Domestic trouble never existed, and as Wechter was not a drinking man his friends cannot believe that he committed suicide. His overcoat was found lying on the creek bank. The supposition now is that he became ill and tried to obtain a drink, was attacked by acute indigestion or heart failure, and fell upon his face. The coroner has not as yet made known his verdict.

SUIT TO RECOVER.

City Solicitor Willison has begun suit against the Pennsylvania Company and the O. & L. W. to recover the amount of the judgment recently obtained by Mrs. Caroline Stahl. The petition alleges that at the intersection of the two railways, at a point near the Corne mill in Massillon, the defendant erected an interlocking switch for the use of the two companies, and caused wires to be stretched across Washington avenue and a portion of Summit and Cherry streets, in said city, and that the said wires were but about five or six inches above the ground, making the sidewalk dangerous for the use of pedestrians. The petition also alleges that one Caroline Stahl, on the 7th day of December, 1893, tripped on said wires and was thrown violently to the ground, sustaining injuries to her back and spine and breaking her left arm. The said Caroline Stahl recovered damages to the amount of \$1,500 against the city. The petition prays for damages from the two railway companies for \$1,714.73, the amount of damages paid Caroline Stahl and the costs.

THIS IS OFFICIAL.

An Announcement From the Farmers' Telephone Company.

The main lines of our telephone system are set with poles and strung with wires, and we are now connecting these wires with our exchange in the new Sible block, in Charles street, by cables, which we hope to complete this week. We will then begin to put in and connect up telephones for our subscribers, and hope to have our exchange in operation not later than the 15th of March; from that time until April 1st, our subscribers will have an opportunity to test our system, and from April 1st will begin the rental service.

We expect to have connection with Pittsburgh by way of Canton and Alliance, with Cleveland and other northern points by way of Akron and Canal Fulton, with Columbus and Cincinnati by way of Navarre, Canal Dover, New Philadelphia and Uhrichsville, and with Massillon by way of North Lawrence, Orrville and Wooster.

Our plant is constructed on the latest approved plan, and is of the best material throughout. We will use the Harrison International telephone, which is fully equal to the best in the market, and we expect to give service equal to the best.

THE FARMERS' TELEPHONE CO.

By A. Y. Gordon, general manager.

SYMPATHY ON ALL SIDES.

The Funeral of Wm. O. Bryant, Jr., Being Held This Afternoon.

In Mr. and Mrs. Bryant's apartments, at the Hotel Conrad, the body of their son, Wm. O. Bryant, Jr., was viewed today by the family friends and many others who called for the purpose of expressing sympathy for the heart broken father and mother. The casket is covered with a profusion of rare and beautiful flowers, a part of which were sent from Cleveland, Akron and Canton. Lovely floral designs were received from young Mr. Bryant's classmates, his companions, friends and the attaches of the house.

The North street A grammar class, of which the deceased was a member, was dismissed at noon and will attend the services this afternoon at a body. The pall bearers selected are Fred Justus, Ralph Dangle, Harry Crawford, George Lester, Paul Harrison and Walter Baylis. Instead of leaving for Ripley, N. Y. via Canton, Mr. Bryant has decided to leave at 6:55 o'clock Thursday morning on the O. & L. W. railway. The Canton Massillon Electric Railway Company kindly offered to furnish special cars for the funeral party, but Mr. Bryant gratefully declined. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Cleveland, and Eugene Oline, of Akron, arrived last night. Mrs. Miller is a sister to Mrs. Bryant.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions passed by the North street A grammar school, February 26, 1895:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved pupil and classmate, William O. Bryant, Jr., and

Whereas, Through his death Massillon North street A grammar has lost a much loved and valued member, his parents a kind, obedient and affectionate son, his sister a dearly beloved brother, and the community an honored and respected young man, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we, as members of this school, unite in expressing our sympathy to the bereaved, we will endeavor to imitate the character and ever cherish the memory and good name of our departed pupil and classmate.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved father, mother and sister our most sincere sympathy, hoping that they may be able to see through the dark cloud of sorrow that now over shadows them, and that they will be able to recognize the hand of Him whose actions are so mysterious.

To His care we would kindly commend the bereaved, for it is He alone that can heal the broken hearted and dry the tears of sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the city papers, a copy be presented to the sorrowing parents, and a copy be framed and hung in our school room as a memorial of our friend.

Resolved, That the desk of the departed one be draped in mourning for one month in respect for the deceased.

TEACHER AND PUPILS.

Acting through the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc., but gives health and vigor to the whole body.

AN EPIDEMIC OF FIRES.

HEAVY LOSSES TODAY FROM CHICAGO TO MALIBAX.

Even Massillon Falls in Line and Has a \$5000 Fire, too—Five Hundred Cottages Blazing at Pittman's Grove Camp Meeting—St. Anne's Church Goes.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—An entire block at the corner of Jefferson and Harrison streets is now burning.

HALIFAX, Feb. 27.—The dominion government building is burning. A high wind is blowing and the flames are spreading.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—Sixteen houses were burned this morning and eighteen families are homeless at Bath Beach, a suburb of the city.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—St. Anne's Catholic church burned this morning.

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 27.—The Pittman Grove camp meeting place is burning. Eight cottages are already destroyed and over 500 are believed to be doomed.

A Fire at Noon.

The residence of Henry Snyder, in South Erie street near the cemetery, caught fire in some unknown manner, Wednesday morning at about 11 o'clock. An alarm was sent in and hose company No. 1 responded. When the firemen arrived the flames had gained considerable headway, and it required a fierce fight before they succeeded in getting the fire under control. The water pressure was excellent. The entire second story was destroyed, but the household goods contained therein were saved. The damage will not exceed \$500, fully covered by insurance in the amount of \$1,000; seven hundred of which is on the building and three hundred on its contents.

THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION.

The Most Brilliant Affair Ever Given at the Capital.

A guest from Massillon who enjoyed Governor and Mrs. McKinley's reception has furnished this interesting description of the event:

Having returned from a visit to Columbus friends, which was more than usually pleasant, partly owing to the fact that one of the most entertaining incidents was my attendance at the gorgeous reception given by Governor and Mrs. McKinley to the citizens of Columbus, I thought some of your readers would appreciate a brief description of its enjoyable features.

First, the governor looked quite himself. Cordial and urbane as most, giving to each guest the same courteous greeting, dignified without stiffness, cordial without effusion; in all things a model host. Mrs. McKinley, assisted by her aunt, Mrs. Osborne, received in a sitting position, beautiful in a lovely evening costume, extending her hand to each guest as they approached, in all things well suited her position as the first lady in the state of Ohio.

The whole parlor floor of the Neil House was given up to the guests. The reception took place in the drawing room of the governor's suite of rooms, which open upon a large square court, that was gorgeously decorated with flowers. The pillars in the center were twined with carnations, while along each gas jet was placed large bunches of the largest roses I ever saw used for decorative purposes. The family rooms were gorgeous with rose pink and white, smax and palms and other plants that could be used to make the rooms brilliant and lovely in the extreme.

Costumes were elegant. Guests in number over seven hundred made up of all sects, creeds and politics. Among others I had the pleasure of a conversation with Bishop Watterson, with whom I was much pleased. He seemed the personification of a cultured christian gentleman. Need I add to the above, the statement that youth and beauty graced the lovely festive hall.

Such an opportunity could not fail to bring forth and develop the taste and skill of modiste and patron for who would not strive to don their best gowns at the governor's reception?

After 10 o'clock the dancing commenced. At this hour many returned, not without having enjoyed, however, the sweet strains of the great orchestra. No thing was omitted to render this party a grand affair. Numerous were the compliments bestowed on the taste displayed by Captain and Mrs. Holstead in charge of the decorations. In the opinion of all, it was declared to be the most elegant reception ever given in the capital of any state.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will state for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

A rounded spoonful of Cleveland's baking powder does better work

than a heaping spoonful of others.



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. "Mickey" Burns and His Friend Mr. "Dick" Aston.

For some time past local sporting people have been making a great effort to have "Mickey" Burns, the heavyweight pugilist, and "Dick" Aston, the champion of Forty Corners, face each other in the ring. Both men expressed a willingness to fight and on Monday night they were to meet at a local saloon to draw up articles of agreement. For some reason neither of the men put in an appearance, but on Tuesday night Aston deposited \$50 with Josh Emerson, a saloonkeeper of this city, and he says that now Burns must either cover the forfeit or acknowledge himself a coward. Burns is the pugilist who defeated Lon McDougal at Meyer's lake several years ago, while Aston has gained some notoriety through several battles he has fought with local aspirants. He has never lost a fight.

A Friend's Advice.

Our Everyman, Mr. Frank Lenhart, has disposed of his horses, buggies and other chattels to Mr. J. W. Bidwell, who says that he will be ready in a short time to furnish first class rigs at a moderate price.

The programme at the bean supper on the evening of the 22nd was interesting and instructive. Dr. Black sang his German song and also found out why his birthday was not celebrated like Washington's.

Mr. Geiser, of Toledo, visited at the home of John Ramsey over Sunday.

Martin Helwick and Earl Smith were in Canal Dover on business Monday last.

Bose & Zimmers, under the management of J. C. Shutz, have opened a stock of groceries and general merchandise in the room formerly occupied as a saloon by Mr. Shutz.

Prof. Fred Ohlenhausen is having his bar room remodelled and refurbished, preparatory to opening a saloon in the near future.

The township board of education met at the Board district, last week, where A. A. Maurer is teaching, for the purpose of suppressing some irregularities in conduct, with which the teacher was not able to successfully cope.

Dr. E. P. Schaffner returned home Saturday from a trip to New York city.

The board of education met Monday, the 18th, and hired the following teachers for Paint township: At Goodens, Miss Ora Schaffner; at Lashe, Lee E. Messner; at Reed's, A. H. Ething; West Lebanon, F. A. Maurer; at Platt's, Melvin Akay.

George Matell, who dropped dead of heart disease on the 19th inst., was buried here Thursday in West Lawn cemetery.

Samuel Moyer died on Wednesday morning of consumption. The funeral was held Friday, the interment being at Heider cemetery, south of town.

Aaron Beeler was called home from Philadelphia, Pa., on account of the death of his father, J. J. Beeler.

John J. Beeler died at his home west of town Friday morning at 3 o'clock of consumption. The funeral took place Sunday morning, and was attended by the local K. of P. order, of which the deceased was a prominent member. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Weltmer, pastor of the Presbyterian church, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Smith, of the Reformed church, and the Rev. Mr. Hoak, of the M. E. church, and was followed by his last resting place in West Lawn cemetery by a large concourse of friends and relatives. Over 700 took their last view of the body at the church, beside his relatives. His age was 50 years, 9 months and 10 days.

DUNDER'S ALMANAC.

THIS TIME HE SUCCEEDS IN MAKING THE SERGEANT LAUGH.

But No One Is More Surprised Than Carl, and He Goes Off With His Feelings Hurt—Never Again Will He Visit the Sergeant.

[Copyright, 1935, by Charles B. Lewis.]
The fat police sergeant was chasing an overgrown cockroach out of the top drawer of his desk and whacking at it with a wooden ruler as the insect skated and dodged about, when a long drawn sigh caused him to look up. Some one had opened the door and softly advanced to the desk. It was Mr. Dunder. The sergeant looked at him for a few seconds to make sure and then said:

"Oh, it's you, is it?"
"Yes, sergeant," sighed Mr. Dunder, "has vhas me. I vhas on my way to see dos undertaker, and I call in to see you. Oxcuse my tears, but I vhas a sorrowful man—werry sorrowful."

"What's the matter?" asked the officer as he made a lunge at the cockroach and broke the insect's left leg.

"You know der I go out of der saloon poodness and invent a comic almanac. I vhas a comic and a sad almanac. Sometimes dose shokes make me laugh till I falls down, and sometimes dose sad places make me—"

"You have invented something werry sorrowful, Mr. Dunder, and are deeply affected. Sit down and get a brace for your feet and choke back your emotions."

Mr. Dunder sat down and wiped the tears from his eyes and sighed and gasped, and after a couple of minutes, during which the officer clipped the roach over the left ear and upset the ink bottle at the same time, he got up and said:

"Sergeant, I vhas afraid der Mrs. Dunder vhas a dead woman before night, and my son Shike vhas no better ash a corpse!"

"Is that possible? What can have happened?"

"I invent some sad pieces and read 'em to Shike and der old woman, and dey weep and sob and vhas almost gone oop. Listen to me while I read:

"When vhas a rooster not a rooster?"

When she vhas a crowing."

"When vhas a person like a window?"

When he vhas full of colic."

"Why don't Cain's brudder shrike him back? Because he vhasn't Abel."

"Hold on, Mr. Dunder," interrupted the sergeant as the cockroach made a jump to the floor and got away under the base



"I CAN'T READ YOU NO MORE."

board. "Don't read any more until I laugh. By George," but—ha! ha! ha! You have struck it this time—struck it right! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder as he stepped back in surprise, "vhas you laughing?"

"Of course I am! I haven't been so tickled over a joke in five years—ha! ha! ha!"

"But I don't read you some shokes! All dose vhas sad and pathetic. I invent dose things to make you weep."

"Weep! Why, you tickle me almost to death! Read me some more, Mr. Dunder. I've been feeling dunny for a month, or two, and a good laugh will do me good. Select something even more sad—something with sob in it."

"Vhell, by Shorge!—but I don't see how she vhas!" gasped Mr. Dunder as he looked from his manuscript to the sergeant and back.

"When I read you some shokes, you weep; when I read you some pathos, you laugh. Howeffor, I vhill read some more. Listen:

"When vhas a greenback like a singer? When it vhas a tender."

"When vhas a cow like a drunkard sent to state prison? When she vhas dehorned."

"When vhas a cornfield like Charlie Mitchell? When it gets it in der ear."

"You will please excuse me, sergeant," said Mr. Dunder as he pocketed his manuscript with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "but I can't read you no more. It vhas too affecting. It vhas oafed 20 y'ars before I feel like dis. Vhas you laughing?"

"Yes. I can't help it—ha! ha! ha! You didn't you tell me before that you had jokes in your comic almanac?"

"But I did! I come down here more ash sex times and read you some shokes."

"I don't remember—ha! ha! ha! Well, of all the good things I've heard and read in the last ten years, these take the cake! Werry Mrs. Dunder and Jake tickled over them?"

"Tickled? Sergeant, I doan't understand how she vhas. Didn't I tell you dot Shike and der old woman vhas all swelled oop and most deat mit grief?"

"But what about—ha, ha, ha!"

"Vhy, about dose sad pieces I read you. You know dot ole man on Milk street who sharpens knives? Vhell, I goes by his place and reads dose pathos to him, and for 24 hours he don't shoke weeping."

"Don't, ch—ha, ha, ha! If you have any more good things, don't keep 'em back. Well, well, but who'd have thought you were so funny!"

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder after a long look over the desk, "maybe I vhas all mistooked. When I invents a shoke, maybe she vhas no shoke at all, but something dot makes you feel bad?"

"I think so."

"Und when I invents a piece to weep oafed dot vhas a shoke to make you laugh, eh?"

"That's it—ha, ha, ha!"

"Vhell, I doan't believe it! You vhas no friend of mine! Vhen I weep, you laugh, and when I vhas tickled almost to death, you vhas almost crying. It vhas shoofy. Jakorphy vhas asking who dot Carl Dunder vhas, and dot makes you read, Sergeant!"

"Yes—ha, ha, ha! I wish you had time to read some more of dose jokes!"

"Sergeant, go by some grass, and doan't

you forget her! If my whole family dies and dot almanac busts oop, I doan't come and see you no more. Ha! Good day! Ha! ha! I go! Ha, ha! I vhas gone!"

SHE IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

And Could Have Told Him the Truth Six Weeks Ago.

"Let him enter!"
It was Mrs. D. Sherlock Holmes who received Old Sleuth in her laboratory, where she was closely examining the bristles of a spotted hog under a powerful microscope to see wherein they differed from the hairs of a black cow.

"You have come to tell me that you have failed in the great Adamantine murder case," she said as the detective sat down on the edge of a chair and gasped for breath.

"Yes, mum."

"And you want my help? You have so muddled the case that I am disgusted with the whole matter, but as I feel sorry for your wife and children I will help you out. Mr. Adamantine was murdered in



his bed, and a search proved that his money and watch were taken. You, therefore, proceeded on the theory that robbery was the motive."

"Yes, mum, I am sure that robbery was the sole and only—"

"Silence, sir! You are but a novice in this work and should hang on to your mouth! Did you delve into the past life of the victim?"

"No, mum."

"Of course not! Had you done so you would have discovered that 22 years ago he fell in love with his mother's cook and became engaged. The family opposed the match, and he gave the girl the cold throw over. Conscience could not be quieted. He married his typewriter, became rich, was elected to the legislature and was apparently content and happy. I say apparently, for his conscience ever accused him. On the night of the supposed murder what happened?"

"He was murdered, mum."

"Oh, he was! You had better go and saw wood! On that night the cook was in his garden. You could have found her tracks there. She threw dirt against his window. You will still find some sticking to the glass. When he opened it, she accused him of heartlessness in breaking his vows and of making her life a dreary doer. She left him for the river. Conscience drove him to desperation. He dropped his watch in the soup grease barrel, threw his Turkish dagger from the wall, stretched himself on the bed and deliberately plunged the weapon into his body behind the left shoulder and died with the name of Mary Ann on his lips."

"But, mum, you see—"

"Yes, I see it all. Imbecille, go look for the tracks and the dirt on a gooseberry bush you will find a bit of Mary Ann's called dress. On a bench in the summer house there still remain seven of the scalding tears she shed that night. She flung herself into the river from wharf No. 6, and at the present moment her body is floating in the Atlantic ocean exactly 213½ miles southeast of Sandy Hook."

"Then it was a case of suicide, mum?"

asked the veteran detective as he rose to go.

"Certainly—a double suicide. I could have told you so six weeks ago had you come to me. That is all, and you may now take a skate. I am working on the great Cobble tragedy, where Mr. Cobble is supposed to have killed his wife and seven children and then committed suicide. In two hours I shall satisfy the public that they were smothered by creeping gas or died of heart disease. No thanks—come again—good morning!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

How Gila Sam Joined the Other Ten in the P. G.

"No, 11."—It is with moistened eyes and swelling heart that we sit down to write of the tragic event of Monday last. We realize that it is not considered "good form" in the east for an editor's eyes to moisten or his heart to swell, but we are

proceeding on a strictly western basis. To begin at the beginning and make the whole case as clear as noon day, we were compelled to establish a private graveyard in connection with THE KICKER. Our second issue was hardly off the press when a colorful gentleman sailing along under the sobriquet of Montana Bill entered the office and began popping away at us with a gun. To this day we have no idea of the impulse that moved him. He might have taken offense at some item in the paper, or he might have suddenly decided that we were too good for this wicked world. We were taken by surprise and made no move until he had shot the hands off the clock behind us, put two bullets into the stuffed owl on the shelf and split our left ear. Then we rallied and gently killed him with a bullet from an old revolver which we supposed to be unloaded.

That was the foundation of our private graveyard, which for several months was only a sand lot without fence or ornament. Later on we had to remove Texas Jim and Arizona Joe, and as the years passed away the mounds kept increasing until, 18

months ago, the number was ten. We hoped to stop at one, but circumstances compelled us to go forward to five, seven, ten. When the tenth man was laid to rest, we had the half acre of ground put into gravel walks, and the fence inclosing it alone cost \$500. In each and every case we have paid all funeral expenses and made no kick about bills. In each and every case a coroner's jury has acquitted us of all blame, and our fellow townsmen have passed resolutions of thanks.

Had we been ambitious to make a graveyard record we could have had 20 tombstones to point to. We have acted only in self defense, and on a dozen occasions have crawled to avoid popping over some critter who ought to have been put out of the way years before. We were full of hope that No. 10 would be the last, and had just made a contract to have the picket fence repainted when an individual calling himself Gila Sam reached town along with a freighter's outfit. That he came here to kill us he himself announced, but gave no reasons. Monday afternoon he came riding into town and dismounted at the city hall, expecting to find us in the mayor's office. We were not there, and he walked over to THE KICKER office and had a chat with our chief editor and learned that we were on the street. The stranger talked pleasantly and appeared good natured, but at the same time assured our horse editor that he had come to pop over the "old man" and would bet 10 to 1 that he got the first fire. Our h. e. who is a thorough sport, took the bet and put up \$5 against \$50. Then he wagered \$20 against the stranger's horse and \$10 more against his two guns and started him out on our trail. Warning might have been sent us by the office boy, but our horse editor is a square man and would take no advantage of the stranger.

We were standing in front of the Bald Eagle saloon, discussing local politics with Colonel Johnson, when Gila Sam walked up to us. We saw the man while he was eyeing a block off and had a presentiment that he meditated mischief. He walked with his hands hanging down and a little behind him, and he looked at Colonel Taylor as if intending to address him. We quietly got ready for what might occur, and when the stranger's hands were suddenly and swiftly lifted to his holsters and he wheeled on us and uttered a yell we were two seconds ahead of him. He got the right hand gun out, and it exploded and the bullet entered the curls as he fell. As soon as he had been disarmed he was carried into the saloon and Dr. Carter sent for. While he was pronounced past hope he lived for two hours, and for a part of the time was conscious and able to converse. He refused to talk to us or make any explanations, nor did he appear particularly pleased or grateful when we told him that he should be planted in good style and in the handsomest cemetery in Arizona. He sent for our horse editor, however, and said it was a square deal and he had lost.

While fully and completely exonerated by the coroner's jury in this case, and while scores of our best citizens have called to shake hands and compliment us, we have no feeling of exultation. On the contrary, we are sad and broken up. While we must shoot in self defense, we want to be left alone to pursue our peaceful way. If Gila Sam had come to us in the right spirit, he could have borrowed \$20, secured an apology or extracted most any sort of a

promise, but he wouldn't have it that way. Tombstone "No. 11" has now taken its place in our p. g., and when we reflect that we may have to keep right on popping over bad men for the next three or four years we grow discouraged and faint hearted and are willing to trade THE KICKER for a cooper shop in some quiet eastern hamlet.

M. QUAD.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctor she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life.

Mr. Thos. Eggers, of Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at Z. T. Baltz's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

The experience of Geo. A. Apper, of German Valley, N. J., is well worth remembering. He was troubled with chronic diarrhea and doctored for five months and was treated by four different doctors without benefit. He then began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, of which one small bottle effected a complete cure. It is for sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

We have had a quick, liberal response to our clearance sale, but many bargains in boots and shoes still remain. We guarantee to save you money by coming to our store. J. D. Frank & Co.

The Art Loan Exhibition at Cleveland will be extended to March 1st. On account of this the O. L. & W. will continue the sale of excursion tickets on February 28th, at rate of \$2.35 for the round trip. This rate will be little purchaser to admission to the exhibition.

Do you follow the want columns daily?

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date, February 28, 1935.

GRAIN MARKET

Wheat, per bushel..... 45-46

Rye, per bushel..... 28-30

Oats..... 28-30

Corn..... 30-32

Barley..... 10-12

Wool..... 10-12

Flax Seed..... 10-12

Clover Seed..... 10-12

Timothy Seed..... 10-12

Brass, per 100 lbs..... 10-12

Middlings, per 100 lbs..... 10-12

Hay..... 10-12

Produce

Choice Butter per pound..... 18

Eggs per dozen..... 22-25

Lard per pound..... 10-12

Ham per pound..... 10-12

Shoulders..... 10-12

Sides..... 10-12

White Beans per bushel..... 10-12

Potatoes..... 10-12

Onions..... 10-12

Apples..... 10-12

Unsprayed Apples, choice..... 10-12

Dried Peaches, peeled..... 10-12

Dried Peaches, unpeeled..... 10-12

Bar per barrel..... 10-12

Are You Ever Annoyed

By a buzzing or roaring sound in your head? Have you difficulty in hearing distinctly? Are you troubled with a continual dropping of mucus, irritating the throat and causing you to cough? Is your breath unpleasantly affected and accompanied with bad taste? Is your hearing less acute? If so, you have catarrh and should at once procure a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, the best known remedy. The Balm will give instant relief.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

Pile Ointment

Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment will cure blind bleeding, ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c and \$1 per box. Williams Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, Ohio.

O. W. O. Hardman, sheriff of Tyler county, W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister."

Malaria in Parvo

"Much in little" this sentence means. It has almost become a proverb, because the expression can be used in so many instances. In no instance, however, can this saying be used with greater propriety than in speaking of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. There is indeed much in a little vial of them—relief from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, and piles and restoration to health and happiness. Much good in little space.

Ten days' loss of time on account of sickness and a doctor bill to pay, is anything but pleasant for a man of a family to contemplate, whether he is a laborer, mechanic, merchant or publisher. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, Texas, was sick in bed for ten days with the grip during its prevalence a year or two ago. Later in the season he had a second attack. He says: "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with considerable success. I think, only being in bed a little over two days. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy. It should be borne in mind that the grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Morgenthaler & Heister."

THE MASSILLON MARKETS.

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date, February 28, 1935.

GRAIN MARKET

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Oats..... 28-30

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Flax Seed..... 10-12

Clover Seed..... 10-12

Timothy Seed..... 10-12

Brass, per 100 lbs..... 10-12

Middlings, per 100 lbs..... 10-12

Hay..... 10-12

Produce

Choice Butter per pound..... 18

Eggs per dozen..... 22-25

Lard per pound..... 10-12

Ham per pound..... 10-12

Shoulders..... 10-12

Sides..... 10-12

White Beans per bushel..... 10-12

Potatoes..... 10-12

Onions..... 10-12

Apples..... 10-12

Unsprayed Apples, choice..... 10-12

Dried Peaches, peeled..... 10-12

Dried Peaches, unpeeled..... 10-12

Bar per barrel..... 10-12

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alternative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at Z. T. Baltz's Drug Store.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Mystic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Morgenthaler & Heister, drug gists, Massillon.

Shackles' Arsenic Salve

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltz.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

John Winkelman.

By Robert H. Folger, his attorney.

Massillon, Stark Co., O., Feb. 28, 1935.

Sheriff's Sale.

Louisa K. Mendelsohn

vs.

Augustus Munter.

By virtue of an attachment of sale issued by the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Stark County, Ohio, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at public auction at the door of the Court House, in the city of Canton, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1935,

the following described real estate, to-wit:

The undivided one-third interest in out lot No. 12, Sec. 17, first ward Massillon, Stark County, Ohio, and containing one and one-sixth (1 1/6) acres of land, subject to the life estate of Elizabeth Kramer.

Appraised at \$275.00.

Terms—Cash.

Sale to commence at one o'clock p. m.

HIRSH DOLL, Sheriff.

R. A. Finn, Attorney.

Warren Street, New York.

ELLY'S CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE HEAD

Is quickly absorbed

Cleanses the

Nasal Passages.

Alleviates Pain and

Inflammation.

HEALS THE SORES

Protects the

Membrane from

Additional Cold

Restores the

Senses of Taste

and Smell.

IT WILL CURE HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril a. d. is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.